THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING

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UNMENTIONED IN DISPATCHES.

"The horse and the mule which have no understanding."

The lowliest combatants are we; We come not hither of our will, But torn from out our homes afar To tread these fields all waste with war Where beast and rider both they kill.

The call to strife we never heard, Our dull ears miss it even yet; We know not why men fight or die, Gain laurel crowns or turn and fly, What task can be before them set.

In days of peace we envied dogs Who seemed to live more near to men; Lay on their beds, and ate their food, And looked as if they understood Their master's words, his gun, and pen.

But now the dogs are left behind, They come not to this dreadful place; Companions of man's home and play, Not of his awful judgment day, His supreme glory or disgrace.

The humble horse, who sweats like man And knows the soldier's drudgery, Alone of all the four-foot kind Must share man's woe with equal mind, His courage, and his victory.

Hunger and thirst, fatigue and pain, The horse bears all and says no word; He flinches not at cannon's roar, At smoke and fire, din and gore, Nor at the flash of naked sword.

The battle joined, high swells his crest, His nostril quivers, winged his form, Like ocean's billow rolls his mane, Thunder his hoofs, his eye is flame, His onset dire as the storm.

O noble fate! Of beasts elect Co-worker with your king and god— Bear hardness, toil, disease, and strain! Bear stripes and wounds, all loss, no gain!

And meekly bow beneath your rod.

Your grave awaits you; far from home Awful and tragic and forgot;

But man shall reap where you have sown

And you have fallen to win his crown, You've died for him; and when you rise

In some remoter Paradise

He'll meet you and disown you not. Helen Hester Colvill.

The Poetry Review.

MISSING.

"He was last seen going over the parapet into the German trenches."

What did you find after war's fierce alarms,

When the kind earth gave you a resting place,

And comforting night gathered you in her arms,

With light dew falling on your upturned face?

Did your heart beat, remembering what had been?

Did you still hear around you, as you lay,

The wings of airmen sweeping by unseen,

The thunder of the guns at close of day?

All nature stoops to guard your lonely bed:

Sunshine and rain fall with their calming breath;

You need no pall, so young and newly dead,

Where the Lost Legion triumphs over death.

When with the morrow's dawn the bugle blew.

For the first time it summoned you in vain;

The Last Post does not sound for such as you:

But God's Reveillé wakens you again.

Punch.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, SINN FEIN, AND THE IRISH SITUATION.

On August 15th last a short official report appeared in the Dublin papers to the effect that "the Grand Committee of the Irish Convention" had met on the previous day in Trinity College, Sir Horace Plunkett in the chair, and recording the fact that

The Committee made arrangements for the discussion of schemes of the Dominion type by the Convention on August 21. The Committee further considered the order in which schemes of other types should be brought before the Convention.

This simple-looking newspaper paragraph was a revelation to the country, because the country had believed that the very first important question that would come before the Convention would be that of the exclusion of certain Ulster counties from any constitution that might be agreed on. This proposition is known familiarly in Ireland as "Partition," and the idea had got abroad, largely through a letter written on the eve of the polling in South Longford by Dr. Walsh, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, vaguely suggesting that Mr. Redmond and his colleagues were prepared, in the Convention or outside it, to compromise with the old claim of a united Ireland under some form of National Government. On the very day that the report of the Convention Committee which I have quoted appeared in the morning papers Mc. Dillon, in a speech at Armagh, declared, very emphatically, that the idea of Partition was dead, and that no responsible party in Ireland desired to think or talk about it any more. This pronouncement on the part of a man who seems for some time past to have been the virtual leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party outside

Parliament gave a very significant meaning to the report of the Convention Committee which I have quoted.

It is not permissible to discuss what is going on in the Convention. But it is obviously permissible to discuss the political situation in Ireland as it is affected by the Convention. And the Convention, although it is only such a short time in existence, has already been the means of bringing about something in the nature of a miracle. Before it first met, on July 25th, there were at least five political parties in Ireland; at the present moment, as I write, in the middle of November, there are only two-the Convention and Sinn Fein. Redmondites, O'Brienites, Healyites, on the one side, and Orangemen, Carsonites, and Liberal Unionists on the other, have almost disappeared for the time, and only the other two remain, to use the Kiplingesque phrase, "in being."

I do not, in making this statement, by any means forget what took place in Belfast when the Convention, at the invitation of the Lord Mayor of that city and the municipality, held several meetings in the City Hall, and enjoyed characteristically regal hospitality in public and in private. And it is necessary, perhaps, at least for the benefit of British and other readers, to take some notice of the futile attempt at opposition to the most representative body of Irishmen ever called together, by the dwindling and dying obscurantist minority in the Ulster capital that for a quarter of a century, owing to the support it has received from time to time in England, has done more harm to Ireland, and to the interests of the Empire, than all the other antagonistic forces put together.

The Convention met in Belfast on September 3d. On that day there was a meeting of the Corporation to transact its ordinary local business, and we read as follows in the newspaper report of the proceedings:

Councillor Alexander said he was glad to see they were preparing to welcome the august body known as the Irish Convention. He noticed a solemn resolution passed by the Tramway Committee to the effect that the members of the Convention should have free rides on the tramcars. Details had been arranged with the inspectors and conductors, and each Empire-builder had only to point to his Convention button and he could pass through the whole way "on the nod." Was Councillor Twaddell, the chairman of the Baths Committee, asleep that he did not emulate the Trams Committee and announce that every member of the Convention should have a free bath? (Some laughter.)

Now it is true that several members of the Council protested against this insolence, and declared that all lovers of their country hoped that the efforts of the members of the Convention would result in some satisfactory conclusion that would solve the Irish question, so that it may be said that Mr. Alexander's silly attempt at sarcasm should be ignored. But on the same morning the Northern Whia. the Liberal-Unionist organ, came out with a fierce leading article ridiculing the whole Convention proceedings. "We are confident most of the delegates," it wrote, "feel rather ashamed of the fact that in the middle of a great war, when our very existence is at stake and when every ounce of energy should be put forth in order to destroy the enemy, they should be called upon to imitate Abbé Sieyès and spend their time in drafting constitutions which can only find a restingplace in the waste-paper basket. . . .

It must be clearly understood that the Dominion Home Rule of the Irish Party is as objectionable to us as the Republicanism of the Sinn Feiners." On that day the other Unionist morning paper of Belfast was silent on the subject, but on the day following it echoed the sentiments of its contemporary; and on the same day one of the evening Unionist papers followed suit. All this looked serious. on the face of it, for the hopes of the Convention. But these journals, as a matter of fact, have not for years past represented moderate Ulster Unionist opinion. They are still living in the year 1886, when Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill, though the whole question of the government of Ireland has since then been transformed, and although nearly all the opponents of Home Rule in those days in Great Britain have been converted to the wisdom of putting the principle of it, in some form, into operation, and although the great majority of Irish Unionists outside the Belfast Junta are now most anxious for an agreed constitutional settlement. "This is a time for plain speaking," says the Whig, "and we wish to say to the delegates that under no circumstances will the Protestants of Ulster submit to the rule of a Parliament in Dublin." But the Whig and its colleagues in the Belfast Unionist Press forget their own recent history, for it was only yesterday, so to speak, that they all agreed, on the suggestion of Sir Edward Carson, to force the Protestants of three Ulster counties under "the rule of a Parliament in Dublin." They loudly applauded the "Covenant" suggested by the same gentleman which stated that the Ulster Unionists would not have Home Rule for Ireland because it would be subversive of the civil and religious freedom of the Protestants of the country, destructive of their citizenship, and "perilous to the unity of the Empire." and on the morrow of the solemn signing of that historic and awful document they agreed to Home Rule for twenty-six Irish counties out of thirty-two!

It would not be worth while referring to all this if one did not know that, as a rule, there is more attention paid by the British Press and British public men to this small Belfast minority of a minority than to all the rest of Ireland put together. it was well, too, that the journalistic outburst took place just when it did, for it gave the Convention, from Sir Horace Plunkett, its chairman, down, most excellent opportunity for quietly letting the public know exactly what it was worth. A couple of days afterwards, at a public function in Belfast, Sir Horace told his audience pleasantly that he never before, in connection with Irish affairs, heard such . frank and downright plain talk as he had listened to in the historic assembly over which he presides, but that, notwithstanding that, and indeed perhaps because of it, he was very hopeful as to the ultimate result of the proceedings. Sir William Whitla, also a member of the Convention, and one of Belfast's own most distinguished citizens-a physician of the highest eminence and with numbers of notable honors-spoke at another public function there after the issue of the intimidatory fulminations, and in the same optimistic vein, but lifting the curtain a little higher than Sir Horace. Here is how I find his speech reported:

Sir Wm. Whitla, Belfast, a member of the Irish Convention, at the Garden Plots Association's Show on Saturday in Belfast, declared, with the most cordial approval of his audience, that the Convention members had been working as one man, and a huge amount of spade work had been done. They had raked away the rubbish

heaps, pulled away the briars and nettles, cleared off the broken bottles and the old soft soap and vinegar tins which had been strewn over their land. They had explored the soil, ventilated and trenched it.

During that process many a forgotten or disregarded gem had been turned up; they had sown the seed of brotherly kindness which could not fail to be of the greatest value to the country and the prospects of their harvest through the Convention, were, to say the least, promising.

Neither Sir William Whitla nor Sir Horace Plunkett took the slightest notice of the attacks of the Northern Whig and its confederates—a snub that has been duly noted and appreciated in the North. And the determination of these journals not to accept Dominion or any other kind of Home Rule for Ireland, strange to say, does not seem to have had any appreciable effect on the nerves or purpose of the annihilated delegates, for they have actually gone on, ever since, coolly discussing the same subject, so that on the second day of their return from the Belfast visit, I found the following paragraph in their official report:

The Convention continued the consideration of those draft schemes, based upon the Dominion principle of self-government, which had formed the subject of discussion at the ten preceding sessions.

So much for the tin trumpets of Belfast that were to blow down the walls of Jericho!

Well, then, as I have already suggested, there are two main influences in Ireland at the present time—Sinn Fein, which is sweeping over the country like a tidal wave, giving forth an awful roar in its progress, and obliterating all sorts of old landmarks; and the Convention, which sits noise-lessly behind closed doors in the

Regent's House of Trinity College, and about which, to use an Irish phrase, nobody's supposed to know nothing.

It is a unique contrast, in a land of contrasts. And to make the contrast more definite and more impressive, while the vocal influence is rampagiously engaged in making histrionics, the unvocal one is quietly employed in making history. The first, essentially fissiparous, is at work, on the most brilliant and magnificent disintegration; the other is quietly and firmly laying the foundations of a State.

The inquirer needs to bear these fundamental considerations in mind if he wants to understand the real meaning of the present apparently mixed-up condition of affairs in Ireland. In Ireland there is "nothing new under the sun"; and the extremist there has always had his function to perform, even if it is generally, at the time, a minor one. Surface observers seem to think that the winning of Parliamentary seats by the Sinn Feiners takes away something from the authority of the Convention. On the contrary, it immensely increases Irishmen, paradoxical as it may seem, have the very longest and at the same time the very shortest memories. An Irish carpenter whom I knew could talk in his workshops for hours about Roman history, but when he suddenly wanted it he couldn't find his hammer; and if he happened to be a young extremist at the present day under twenty-two or so, he would discourse you learnedly of Conn of the Hundred Fights or Connor Mac-Nessa, or even the Elizabethan wars, but would be almost completely at sea if you asked him to talk about the Land League or the Purchase Acts that had so recently anchored his relatives and neighbors securely in their farms. One of the great shortcomings of the Sinn Feiners is their deplorable want of knowledge of the facts and the main tendencies of the history of Ireland for the last halfcentury or so. They defend their opinions by saying that they are following out the policy of Parnell; but Parnell never went beyond the national ideas that were handed down to him by previous leaders. The extreme men of Parnell's time, some of them consciously and some unconsciously, helped Parnell to gain his ends, though they always regarded themselves as essentially independent of him; the Sinn Feiners of today, all of them unconsciously, are giving the very greatest assistance to Sir Horace Plunkett in his endeavors to reach an Irish settlement through the Convention, although they do not see it, and still cherish the delusion that they have boycotted that assembly into sterility. On the contrary, they are the sheet-anchor of the Convention, and the more Parliamentary seats they win while it is sitting the greater will be the chance of what Mr. Bonar Law has called "a substantial agreement" between the various sections of the Convention's delegates.

There are three factors that will make for the success of the Convention: First, the remarkable progress of Sinn Fein, just noted; secondly the death of the question of Partition, already referred to; and thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, the supreme felicity of the unanimous choice by the delegates of Sir Horace Plunkett as their chairman.

As I write the Convention has held nearly twenty meetings. When it adjourned after its fourth to give time to its secretariat to prepare certain necessary historical and statistical data for the information of the members it had already established itself in the minds of the moderate and thinking part of the Irish people, notwithstanding all the contradictory

criticisms that had been passed upon it from various quarters, as a body with the very greatest promise in it of at last bringing some kind of order out of the chaos of Irish affairs. And if this is so, the wonderful and almost unexpected result is in a very large measure, and, indeed, in the largest measure, due to the personality of Sir Horace Plunkett.

Sir Horace Plunkett, as chairman of the Irish National Convention, is as inevitably the right man in the right place as Parnell was inevitably the right man in the right place when he succeeded Isaac Butt as Nationalist leader in 1879. And it is very remarkable how the ideas of these two great Irishmen in regard to Ireland run on parallel lines. They both started from the jumping-off place of national economics. Parnell said to the farmers: "Keep a firm grip of your homesteads." Plunkett, when that policy was assured of ultimate success through the Land Act of 1881 and the subsequent Land Purchase Acts, said: "Having got possession of your holdings, learn how to make the most of them."

The one man, as a matter of fact, was the sequel and complement of the other. Yet there was a difference in their procedure. Parnell, at the outset of his career, declared that he would not take off his coat in the cause of the Irish farmers if he did not see, as an ultimate result of his efforts, the restoration of the Irish Parliament. That statement of policy by Parnell is remembered gratefully by old Nationalists to the present day. The one phrase of Mr. Plunkett when he began his career as a reformer in Ireland that lives still in some Irish memories was not so fortunate. In a speech at Belfast-a particularly unhappy environment for such a declaration-he stated that "we must disinfect Irish politics with a little common sense." It seemed an extremely sinister expression at the time, and it gave an excuse to a certain class of people to abuse a man who really, just then, wasn't thinking much about politics at all, but who had simply started out to organize the first real Sinn Fein campaign long before Mr. De Valera and Mr. Arthur Griffith were heard of, and to teach the doctrine that Irishmen could do a whole lot of things for themselves at home without any assistance whatever from the Parliament in London. In order to establish this proposition he started the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, as a purely voluntary body, which never received the slightest assistance from the State until years afterwards when it got a mouse's part of help after the State realized that it was doing State business, and doing it remarkably well.

But Mr. Plunkett, although he was the first of the modern Sinn Feinersthere were others before him, including O'Connell and Parnell; but that is another story-did not refuse Government assistance. He actually thought, indeed, that it might have been a little bit more generous. He had no notion of boycotting the Imperial Parliament-not he. He even went so far as to become a member of it. And while a member of it he actually put his further Sinn Fein ideas into operation. Ireland, he said to himself, being an agricultural country, needed an Agricultural Department, such, for instance, as that which was doing so much for the agricultural development of Canada. How was that to be brought about? By resolutions and debates at Westminster? but by Irishmen at home showing exactly what they wanted, and putting their demands, cut and dried, and properly worked out by themselves, before the House of Commons. came back to Ireland-like a pre-

liminary Mr. Ginnell!-during the Recess; but, instead of making speeches or waving flags, in the manner of the modern Sinn Feiners, he called together a small meeting in Dublin of representative Irishmen to consider the not unimportant question of how to discover a means of putting the main industry of the country on its feet, and giving it the necessary machinery for right direction. There was no International Peace Conference in the offing at the time; and if there had been it is evident that Mr. Plunkett would not have waited for it to realize his program. He, in fact, made his own "Peace Conference." He did not ignore the light that the Greeks, the Serbians, the Roumanians, and even the Bulgarians and the Turks might throw on the question of the development of Ireland. But for practical and immediate purposes he thought that the recent successful economic, and especially agricultural, experiments and developments in such countries as Württemberg and Denmark might suggest some lessons to Irishmen. And so he sent Mr. T. P. Gill, afterwards to be his very capable and efficient first executive officer in the great Government institution which he had conceived and was determined to bring into existence—and who still, very rightly, under his successor, Sir T. W. Russell, occupies that position-to make inquiries into the new agrarian methods that had so recently brought about such desirable changes in those countries.

Mr. Gill came back from the Continent, not with a brand new Republican or other Constitution for Ireland, but with a very formidable mass of information as to how two little Continental nations, by the adoption of new and intelligent ideas, were able actually to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

With this information before it Mr. Plunkett's "Recess Committee" met, and in due time issued a report—known to history as "The Recess Committee's Report." And out of that report, in due time, also emerged "The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland," which is, at the present time, the only Government institution in the country that is universally acknowledged by everybody to have had a beneficent influence on the lives of the people.

It is interesting, in this connection, to remember that one of the members of this Sinn Fein Recess Committee was Mr. John Redmond, who, on the opening day of the Convention, of which he is also a member, was hissed through the Dublin streets by juvenile Sinn Feiners, and that Mr. William O'Brien, who refuses to join the Convention, was a member of the Nationalist Parliamentary Party, then under the chairmanship of Mr. Justin McCarthy, which declined to have anything to do with such a body. However, not only did Mr. Redmond, as chairman of the little Parnellite group, take part in the proceedings, but representative Ulstermen acted similarly, and with the result stated; and with the still further result that the Department of Agriculture-although no doubt, Mr. Horace Plunkett, when he established it, was not primarily thinking of such a thing-has been the greatest influence Ireland has yet known for bringing the North and the South together. This is one of the reasons, and I should say the chief one, why Sir Horace Plunkett, as chairman of the Irish Convention, is the right man in the right place.

People who forget the most recent Irish history—always with the exception of "Easter Week"—speak about the Trinity College Regent House Convention as if it were the first representative gathering of all

classes and creeds of Irishmen in this or any other age. Why, Mr. Horace Plunkett established such a body nearly twenty years ago-and not an ad hoc one like the present, but a veritable periodic Parliament of Ireland composed of all sections of the community, and, strange to say, with almost exactly the same number of members as the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament under the Act of Union. And during all these years this Irish Parliament, composed of Catholics and Protestants, Nationalists and Orangemen, Southerners and Northerners, has been quietly doing the biggest business of the country, outside legislation, and never has there been heard in connection with its deliberations the slightest suggestion of bad feeling or disorder, not to speak of such a scene as that which recently occurred in Palace Yard under the shadow of the Mother of Parliaments itself.

The Irish Parliament of Sir Horace Plunkett is called the Council of Agriculture. It has 104 members, consisting of a minority nominated by the Department itself from each of the four provinces, and a majority elected by the County Councils. And these 104 men of divergent views from North and South work together heartily for the common good of the whole island.

It is not without its significance that none of the Sinn Fein papers have commented on Sir Horace Plunkett's election to the very distinguished but very difficult and delicate position which he now occupies, or speculated on the policy he may wish the Convention to adopt. Their own policy, as indicated by the five or six Sinn Fein leaders, is as changing from day to day as a kaleidoscope turned in the hand by a schoolboy. Mr. Arthur Griffith started with a constitutional claim for the repeal of the Union and

the restoration of Grattan's Parliament and now finds himself marching behind the innumerable flutterings to every wind that blows of the Republican flag; and the other day he declared at Athlone that "the one obstacle that stood against Ireland was Mr. Redmond's contention that Ireland wished to remain part of the British Empire." Some of the Sinn Fein leaders called loudly for "Colonial Home Rule," and now the same men are declaring that to accept Colonial Home Rule would be equivalent to giving the National cause away "with a pound of tea." Mr. De Valera, the new M.P. for East Clare, who has ousted both Mr. Griffith and Count Plunkett from the Sinn Fein leadership started by saying that he would take advantage of even "the ghost of a chance" with another armed insurrection, and has since publicly told his friends, in one speech, that in "Easter Week" of last year, if it had been put upon him, he would not have given the word for the outbreak, and in another that he is just as sincere a Constitutionalist as was Dan O'Connell.

The difference between Sir Horace Plunkett as a Sinn Feiner, and the Sinn Feiners who have given themselves the name, is that he has carried the policy of "Ourselves Alone" into practice, with the happiest results, whereas they have never tried anything practical whatever, unless the word covers writing articles and making speeches. The preposterous and futile policy of calling on the Irish members to retire from the House of Commons is supposed to be based on the example of the Hungarians in 1857 and 1858, when they refused to send representatives to Vienna; but the Sinn Feiners apparently do not know that the same plan was proposed by O'Connell more than ten years previously, and that it was so unmercifully ridiculed by Gavan Duffy

and the Young Irelanders that the "Liberator" had to drop it like a hot potato. They also overlook an even more important episode of the same kind which took place in 1881 over Gladstone's great Land Bill of that year-the Magna Charta of the Irish farmer, and the basis of all the Irish land legislation from that day to this. There was a Sinn Fein party of Mr. Parnell's Parliamentary and other friends in Kilmainham jail-they were not voluntary "Abstentionists" from their Parliamentary duties like the modern Sinn Feiners-and they wanted the Bill rejected; a Bill that, for the first time, established the great principles of dual ownership in the soil as between landlord and tenant, fair rents fixed by a judicial tribunal, and free sale, principles for which Irish leaders had been working for thirty years. Parnell happened, at the time, not to be in jail, but in the House of Commons, and he resisted all the representations of his imprisoned friends, saw the Bill through to the Statute Book, and laid the foundations, by final Parliamentary action, of the greatest social and economic revolution that Ireland has ever experienced. The gentlemen at home in prison were known not as the "Sinn Fein Party," but as "The Kilmainham Party"; The Fortnightly Review.

Mr. Parnell and those who supported him in the House of Commons, somewhat sarcastically, as "The Parliament Party." It is almost uncanny how history so often repeats itself in Ireland!

Sir Horace Plunkett, like Parnell, believes in work in Ireland itself done by Irishmen. But, like Parnell again, he thinks that when it is necessary, in order to make that work fruitful, to use Parliamentary methods, why, Parliamentary methods must be set going. Consequently, during his twenty years or so of public life he has conferred on Ireland boons that are second only to those given to her by Parnell himself during his tragically short political career of only eleven.

In a speech at Waterford the other day Mr. De Valera declared that "the great danger before the Irish people at the present time was that they may be fooled by the Convention business." The fooling is all the other way about; and Mr. De Valera and his friends will, in due time-perhaps sooner than many wise observers imagine-discover that Abraham Lincoln's famous saying applies to the Irish as well as to others. "You can fool all the people some of the time; you can fool some of the people all the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

John McGrath.

THE POETRY OF THOMAS HARDY.

The poetry of Thomas Hardy, increased now by a new volume*, is singularly continuous in its spirit and character. There are no distinct changes of manner, and no reversal in the general point of view. He has found little to unlearn, but much to explore, assimilate, and utter more completely. So much so that though he

*"Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

has warned us once or twice not to expect unity of thought or color in his poems, the impression made by reading them all through is likely to be a contrary one. When he returned to poetry in earnest fifteen or twenty years ago he did not seem to be handling a newly-found instrument, or one whose use had been neglected. It was rather as if there had been an accidental break in a real sequence of

expression. And apparently this is what actually happened; Mr. Hardy turned aside from poetry to write the Wessex novels. When the tale of the novels was wound up he went back to poetry as naturally as if he had never left it. It was a medium which he could use so sincerely that we can hardly mistake his poems for the mere pastime of an artist. By their quality and bulk they would protest against being so treated. His mind, like Meredith's or Hugo's, has expressed itself instinctively in two versatile forms.

This new book shows him speaking in poetry with the same individual accent, the same directness, and perhaps a certain gain of ease in expression. If it contains nothing so arresting as the greatest pieces in his earlier volumes, it is very even in the level of its achievement. Sometimes this is a euphemism for saying that a book is dull; but this one is never dull, though its tone is quiet. It keeps a good deal to first and last things, life's retrospects and closes; and it approaches them in a mood not so much of critical questioning as of wistful perception. There are no signs in it of a flagging care for art. As a change from thinking on the brevity of the gift of song and many a singer "dead ere his prime," it is good to turn to this veteran writer of genius, who after a long literary career is still perfecting his labors.

Those who go to Hardy's poetry from his novels, as nine-tenths of his readers do, are aware of a resemblance and a contrast. The novels are sometimes called impersonal, and so they are, in the sense that the pulse of human interest is not always the most significant thing in them, and never the only one. There is the whole situation and its setting in inanimate nature, and there is the sweep of destiny in which men's lives are caught. In the poems, on the other

hand, page after page is simply and directly human. Among these personal or "impersonative" themes some are tragic and some are trivial, but all are prompted immediately by the experience of living. While many are seen as the crossing of two fates, or merely as matter for reflection, there are cases just as often where the poem seems to spring out of sheer attraction to the individual thing, and we feel the sense of nearness to humankind which some have missed in the novels.

Around these human scenes stretches a wide horizon. Yet the world of the poems is not quite the same as the world of the novels The novel-world is rich, firm, and intricate; a country that, whether we rest in its imaginations or track the imaged realities, has places we can move in with a certainty of living detail. We can tell the pools where the cattle will be standing and how the heath's face alters with the changes of the year. But in the world of the poems there is a difference which even familiar names and an occasional minuteness of picture cannot hide. It is as though the color and substance of the setting had shrunk in a more penetrating light. The close texture of the novels thins to elemental terms of space and time. It is a world both definite and abstract. A mood is fixed precisely "at this point of time, at this point in space," but the converging lines stretch so far away that the chief impression is of The philosophic view of vastness. nature comes out clearly, no longer masked, as in the novels, by the descriptive side. Under a vision of this kind things may take on a spectral aspect-

And the coomb and the upland Foliage-crowned, Ancient chalk-pit, milestone, rills in the grass-flat

Stroked by the light,

Seemed but a ghost-like gauze, and no substantial

Meadow or mound.

This permeating vision is suggested in one of the new poems, "The House of Silence." A child and a man are looking at a house with massed trees and a shaded lawn, and the child exclaims how quiet it must be there, for nobody ever seems to move about. Then the answer comes:

Ah, that's because you do not bear The visioning powers of souls who dare To pierce the material screen.

Morning, noon, and night,
Mid those funereal shades that seem
The uncanny scenery of a dream,
Figures dance to a mind with sight,
And music and laughter like floods of
light
Make all the precincts gleam.

It is a poet's bower.

Through which there pass, in fleet arrays.

Long teams of all the years and days, Of joys and sorrows, of earth and heaven.

That meet mankind in his ages seven, An æon in an hour.

But this visionary mood does not work always through abstractions. The seer is also a poet of humanity, to a degree which may surprise those who are accustomed to think of him in the other connection. It is just this contrast between the universal and the accidental, the permanent and the transitory, which makes the spell of his poetry. We imagined him musing over zons and dynasties, and we find he is a singer of the smallest human things. No doubt the sense of destiny pervades all his songs, and in a moment we can roll up the curtain which divides the purely human scene from the unseen ways behind it; but still the business of life is given without any of its immediate interest having faded. This interest extends to the

most fugitive fancies and the most trifling incidents. Nothing now seems too small for an eye which just before was fastened on big things. And this watchful attention is a guarantee of the personal nature of his poetry. If he appears to note down things simply as they happen and because they happen, this in itself shows how instinctively he finds a voice in poetry. He rejects all idea of it as a sequestered thing, or an exquisite form which can be wooed apart from substance. He will make it when something has struck him and moved him, no matter what is the occasion he responds to. An old sketch, an old psalm-tune, a strange pedestrian on the heath, a halt in a railway waiting room, are among these themes; and "Midnight on the Great Western" is typical of the way he handles them:

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,

And the roof-lamp's oily flame Played down on his listless form and

Bewrapt past knowing to where he was going,

Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy

Had a ticket stuck; and a string Around his neck bore the key of his box, That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams

Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy

Towards a world unknown, Who calmly, as if indifferent quite To all at stake, can undertake This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,

Our rude realms far above, Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete

This region of sin that you find you in, But are not of?

The amount of really personal utterance seems larger in "Moments of Vision" than in Hardy's earlier volumes, while the dramatic element is less. But the instinct to dramatize impressions pervades so much of Hardy's work that no estimate, however short, can leave it out. While "The Dynasts," by its mass and its original quality, reveals this strain most impressively, it recurs so often in his poems that one cannot forget it: indeed, it reminds us involuntarily of a poet who, of all poets, may seem the most unlike Hardy. There is no one who revels more in the dramatic way of handling a theme than Brown-Far removed as he is from Hardy in tone and spirit, he shares with him this dramatizing instinct, nor is it the only one. Both poets are particularly attracted by the meetings and partings of fate, its conjunctions and mistimings. Both, in their unvarnished speech, seem to laugh at the mysteries of poetic diction, though they set their plain language to an elaborate rhyme-structure. Browning's work is immensely the richer, because he has poured into his dramatic poems the almost undivided treasure of his genius:

Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty-

making a gallery that Hardy could have rivaled only if he had chosen to give us Henchard, Jude, Tess and the others in a poetic form. In reading Hardy's dramatic lyrics and romances one cannot help being reminded that he is also a novelist; these poems constantly have the interest of first notes or impressions which might afterwards be used otherwise. But the main difference between the two poets is, of course, the obvious one which cuts any comparison short; it is the contrast between Browning's enthusiasm and Hardy's waiting attitude. With Browning every situation

is made to justify faith, hope, and love; with Hardy each is given to us for what it is worth, as an experience of which we must make what we can, with no certainty that wrong will be righted.

What, then, is actually the poetic quality of this work-work that is so often dramatic or occasional, and so often uses an abrupt and rather analytic language instead of one that is emotionally suggestive? The first contact with Hardy's poems sometimes produces that baffled, disconcerted feeling which so many have experienced on a first reading of Whitman or Browning. It is not exactly perplexity, for Hardy is never really obscure. It is rather bewilderment at an unusual kind of expression. language, as critics have pointed out, leans to the logical plainness and hardness of prose, and we look in vain for that rich imagery which, in Keats for instance, leaves behind it a long echo of haunting suggestion. words, it is said, stand for what they are and for nothing more than they are. There is a truth in this, and it follows that they often convey less than they should; they are adequate enough for clearness, but they are not in tune with the whole meaning, or with the spirit of life which is the true spirit of poetry. As in an earlier volume we were pulled up by the linethough in a contest which partly excused it-

Warranted up to date,

so here we read

By the bobbing fuchsia trees Was another and culminating sight,

and the last line seems a sudden drop into the flat clichés of prose. Sometimes this lapse to the prosaic level pervades an entire poem or poems, as in the "Satires of Circumstance"—not the whole volume so called, which in-

cludes some of Hardy's greatest things, but the series which gives its title to the book. It is not the grimness of subject in these poems, but a certain obviousness in their treatment, which makes us feel that they have fallen from the generous breadth of poetry.

But it is so far a proof of Hardy's poetic quality that cases like these can be felt as lapses; the language of his poetry is in the main consistent, individual, and expressive. It tells at first by its haphazard plainness. He is so full of what he has to say that he cannot think about his manner. But this is only the beginning; for, if Hardy is quite without Keats's rich imagery or Meredith's flashing metaphor, he has an unfamiliar music which is entirely his own. found it for the first time in "The Dynasts," but it can be heard in every volume of his poems. He uses at will a second language, which seems to rise naturally out of the first. Taken by themselves, such words of strange coinage as "unhope" or "unknow"words symbolizing so well a waiting or neutral attitude-phrases like the "hazed lacune" inside a dome, or even one calling up such an immediate picture as

where the slow river upglasses Its green canopy,

may seem mere oddities of diction; but when we find them throwing their own light over the contest, and set to a rhythm which supports and enriches them, we feel that they lead us into a mental region

shaped as if by a kindly hand For thinking, dreaming, dying on.

The rhythm is most important of all, for Hardy works it out with a mastery which is in keeping with the careful construction of the novels.

This side of the poet's art—the sheer art of song—has clearly engrossed him; and his choice of rhythm is so various that it is not to be defined too narrowly. The characteristic which seems to stand out most is perhaps the one which would be least expected. The lilting, changing strain of his verse, the tune of it, is what strikes one. As in this song "To the Moon," for instance:

"What have you mused on, Moon,
In your day,
So aloof, so far away?"
"O, I have mused on, often mused on
Growth, decay,
Nations alive, dead, mad, aswoon,
In my day!"

"Have you much wondered, Moon,
On your rounds,
Self-wrapt, beyond Earth's bounds?"
"Yea, I have wondered, often wondered
At the sounds
Reaching me of the human tune
On my rounds."

"What do you think of it, Moon,
As you go?
Is Life much, or no?"
"O, I think of it, often think of it
As a show
God means surely to shut up soon,
As I go."

It is remarkable that a writer carrying Hardy's weight of thought should have varied so successfully from the even-measured, iambic beat which belongs to so much reflective and narrative poetry. The contrast between the inner burden and the outer movement is what makes the rhythm of his song. Where this contrast is real but has been imaginatively fused we are most aware of the depth and relief of his poetry, just as it is where this unity is not reached that we feel the mold is broken. The beauty of his poems is seldom an easy beauty; some may always find it at once too candid and too intricate. But if it fails it is not because the impulse to sing is lacking, nor the care for art. When these two fulfil themselves we

are satisfied. And there is many a poem throughout his volumes on which we can look back and say it was well done. The weaving of music and theme in his best dramatic lyrics, "A Trampwoman's Tragedy" or "Long Plighted"; the lines on Swinburne's grave, by the waves whose

dull subterrene reverberations Shake him when storms make mountains of their plains.

or the poignant rhythmical contrast at the end of "The Voice":

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness Traveling across the wet mead to me here.

You being ever consigned to existlessness,

Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn
from norward
And the woman calling.

To those "Poems of 1912–13" we go back, perhaps, as the most moving expression which Hardy has given to anything in verse.

The note of the new volume being the experience rather than the criticism of life, it has fewer obviously philosophical poems than the earlier books. Hardy's philosophic poetry is mostly inspired by a critical contemplation of The poem to the Moon is almost an exception among these "Moments of Vision"; there is much less of that austere verse, often ironical in tone, but with deep feeling below it, which depicts Nature sometimes as man's ruthless stepmother, but more often as a fellow-sufferer and fellow-questioner with him under the impulse of unconscious Will. Poetry like this is, of course, an imaginative statement of one way of thinking rather than a system of thought. The philosophic poet is seldom, like Lucretius, a man with a doctrine; but he The Times.

has his own vision of the world which pierces through the surface. In the widest sense Hardy is never far from this philosophic mood; only the abstract problem gives place more often now to human suggestions.

Could it be otherwise when a huge experience is pressing insistently on us all and driving us for refuge, not to further perplexities, but to the simplest message earth can send? One feels in reading "Moments of Vision" that the space which might have been filled with philosophic verse is now taken naturally by poems of war and patriotism. Hardy has felt, like us all, the impossibility of abstracting himself, and there have evidently been hours when art seemed futile and inhuman. Yet he has gone on, and he has not shut out his art from our common destiny. Of his war-song before dawn, "Men who march away," one felt instinctively that it must survive;. and the splendid vigor of phrasing in his sonnet on National Service, now republished here, is not easily forgotten. Those who know "The Dynasts" and his earlier poems on the South African War will not be surprised to find him writing expressively in this strain. Among the one or two war poems in the new book which are tempting to quote we may choose "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations," though it has been printed before; for it puts, in the simplest way, the simplest and most fundamental things:

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame From the heaps of couch-grass; Yet this will go onward the same Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight Come whispering by; War's annals will cloud into night Ere their story die.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WHITE FRIAR.

It was the darkest time of the year and John-a-Dreams still lingered on at Ferriby Howard. Any father more worldly than Mr. Howard would have taken alarm at the close intimacy between his daughter and this very ineligible young man.

There was plenty to do at Ferriby Howard in the winter. What with three days' hunting a week, and riding and driving, to say nothing of a certain amount of lunching and dining within the charmed circle of those whose family tree extended as far back or farther than the Howards, they had no room to be dull.

"I don't mind who I know myself," said Mr. Howard to John, after a meet which had taken place on the lawn of Ferriby. "I don't mind who I give my hand to, but I'm particular about my women-kind. Lord Oakleigh called the other day. You know -chemical manures. The place stank of them. There is a son Eton could do nothing for and a plain daughter with a voice like a siren. She tried to make friends with Monica. I do hate a new man. There's Welland, who has been selling horses by auction, and his father and grandfather and greatgrandfather before him, for two hundred years. I respect Welland. Young Welland was at Etop. too. He's better bred than Oakleigh's son. The old school could help him!"

"Dorothy Mervyn and Papa will be the best of friends when he comes to know her," said Monica, sitting in the main drive of the woods that ringed in Ferriby darkly later on. "Lord Oakleigh's a very good sort too, and so is Lady Oakleigh. Papa will find out presently that the Oakleighs are all right. Of course he will still make a difference in his own mind for the new man. But he will be too polite to let them see it."

Mr. Howard, coming that way on his way to the keeper's cottage, where Mrs. Simpson, the keeper's delicate young wife, had just lost her baby-he would sit down and give her homely comfort, drawing from the depths of his own religious faith healing for the poor bruised heartwas suddenly aware of John-a-Dreams and Monica side by side on a felled tree, a circle of dogs lying about them on the grass. It was one of those still supshiny days which come in the heart of winter, beautiful with the thought of spring. John was reading out of a book, while Monica listened, her cheek propped on her hand.

"Poetry," said Mr. Howard to himself, with a snort. "I never had much use for it." He was quite unaware of how he lived it. "I dare say it's all right. It won't come to anything, so long as they read poetry when they're together." Mr. Howard had not heard of Paolo and Francesca. "It would have been fire and tow in my young days, fire and tow. The McGradys have not a penny and the Howards have all they can do to keep their chins above water."

It was nearing the end of John's visit. It had been unduly prolonged already. John must go home for Christmas: and tomorrow Geoffrey Howard, the fifteen-year old son of the house, would be home from school, so that they were not going to miss John too much. Ferriby Howard would be full of guests for Christmas. Two young sisters had already arrived. They were of the old aristocracy

and they had the exotic look of their Their voices were sweet and low: they were more than common tall, and they walked gravely and graciously. It was somewhat of a shock to John to find the first evening that they could romp like Monica herself. Lady Betty Fane romping through a round game, and Lady Susan setting booby traps was almost too much for John's sense of proportion. They were rehabilitated when he met them next morning gliding along the dark corridors, mantillas about their golden heads, on the way to the chapel. They were so nun-like. Only the slightest, gravest inclination of their heads showed that they recognized John.

Lady Betty and Lady Susan swept the whole party with them in their wild fun, and John had to join willy-It came to the last night of his stay. Tomorrow the carriage which took him to the station would bring back a batch of Christmas visitors. He was glad to be going home. He wanted to see his mother badly. He was quite himself again, and anxious to take up his old occupations and interests. Monica and her father were to come to them after Christmas. A little later Monica was to be in Dublin for the Castle Season, as the guest of a most gracious lady and gentleman.

As usual, since the Ladies Fane had joined the party, the house went to bed very late. The last frolic had been one in which Lady Betty had hidden herself à la Mistletoe Bough, and had to be looked for. The young ladies, now that he had a truer view of them, vaguely pleased and amused John, the more that they rallied him and played tricks upon him. His eyes at these times were as kind and tolerant as the eyes of a St. Bernard dog when a beloved child has dressed him out ridiculously. He Living Age, Vol. IX, No. 434.

joined in the romps with a halfenjoyment which greatly delighted the originators.

Once in bed that last night he slept soundly. He awoke, or he dreamt that he awoke—he could not be sure afterwards—to a glimmer of dull white in the room. A shaft of moonlight had found something to rest upon—a white stuff garment less palpable than stuff ought to be, a girdle, a hanging fold of the stuff.

Elsewhere all was darkness—at first. Then he discovered—or dreamt that he discovered—a shadowy face against the black background of the night in the room.

To his amazement the figure detached itself from the darkness and came towards him with a swift gliding He recognized it for the figure of a monk. He saw the tonsured head, the cowl, the deep-set eyes in the face that was the face of a man-at-arms upon whom the knightly casque had sat before ever the cowl was there. It was the ghost of the house-that same Cistercian who, seeing his death made ready for him in the shape of the sack into which he was to be tied and dropped from a high window into the river, had commented: "The way to heaven is as easy by water as by land." friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, the valiant soldier of the king before he became the soldier of the Lord of kings-Ferriby Howard had witnessed his valiant boyhood. ghost, the memory of Mortimer Howard, was the proudest thing it possessed after the Holy Hand.

His portrait by Zucchero hung in the dining-room at Ferriby—a dim thing of golds and creams in a mass of umber—only the face with the resolute eyes, coming out clear as a star in a night of darkness.

"He is not a ghost to be afraid of," Monica had said only that evening, as they felt about in the darkness for Lady Betty, who eluded them with a shrill laugh. "He is a protector rather than a ghost. Who could be afraid of a saint?"

A rat had scurried by them. They were in one of the downstair passages. The rats could not be kept out of Ferriby. They were water rats from the lake, and field rats, honest country vermin. Mr. Howard said. Monica had clutched at John and screamed. He had had a momentary tender impulse towards her-a man's impulse to take her in his arms and comfort her. He resisted it, though the contact of her little white hand thrilled him He was not in love momentarily. with Monica though he had an affection for her. He was not in love with the life of Ferriby Howard, though there was much in it that pleased him. John-a-Dreams had dreamt himself into some sort of socialism, a socialism in which the beautiful things of life and the world would be kept, but not hoarded away for the few. He was quietly impatient of the assumptions of Mr. Howard and his class.

Mortimer Howard leaned over him and spoke. "The Holy Hand is in danger."

Then John came awake and knew that he had been dreaming. The shaft of moonlight was in the room, but nothing intercepted its rays.

He turned to sleep again: he could always sleep easily: but quiet sleep would not come. He was uneasy. Something plucked at him. He was not a nervous person. But suddenly he felt that he must go and see that all was safe. He was far from disbelieving in ghosts, although he had never seen one himself. Why should not this be a genuine call for help?

He sprang out of bed, impatient with himself for his delay. As he ran along the corridor, bare-footed, a door opened and the round schoolboy face of Geoffrey Howard looked out.
"I say," he said, "you're not hunting
the slipper still are you? Smelt fire

the slipper still, are you? Smelt fire, eh? Or burglars? Any use for a poker, sir?"

John felt half-ashamed of his dream and his obedience to its call.

"I've seen a ghost or something," he said, "or I've dreamt it. Come along if you like. I want to make sure that the house is safe."

"Right!" said the schoolboy, joining him without more ado. "What time is it? I didn't see the ghost, but there was something moving about in my room—a bat most likely."

They talked in whispers, running along the carpeted corridors and staircases on soundless bare feet.

At the foot of the great staircase from the hall a door opened, within which was a green baize door for quietness. Passing through these they were in a long corridor at the end of which a light burned before a picture. Two sides of a square—the corridor overlooked the ancient courtyard of the house—had to be traversed before they were in the passage leading to the chapel.

When they came near this intersecting passage they were aware of a strong wind which blew the little red lamp far down the passage gustily.

"A door open somewhere," said Geoffrey Howard, who had not asked why they took the way to the chapel. To any Howard it was obvious that the Hand was the thing the safety of which must be assured. The shrine was within a little side altar of the chapel. From time to time it had been brought out for the people to do the relic reverence. It had been strangely unprotected. Perhaps the Howards had felt that the angels of God kept the chapel and its precious belongings.

They were hardly surprised to find the door open which led on to the steps by which the country people entered the chapel. From the open door came the wind that blew strongly in their faces. Each drew a deep breath of excitement as they became aware of the open door. Something was happening in the chapel.

Before they were halfway down the passage the outer door of the chapel was pushed open. They drew back. Out came a head—a big, ugly head, wearing a cap such as motorists wear, tied down over the ears. There was light upon the head from a dark lantern, which stood on the floor close at hand. Another person had come in by the open door and was lifting the lantern from where it had been hidden, turning on the light.

Before John could collect himself to act Geoffrey cried out, a hoarse inarticulate cry. He leaped forward like an arrow. There was a crash, followed by a scream of pain.

"Why, it's a kid," said some one behind the dark lantern. "'Ere, easy, youngster, or we'll slit your weazand for you! We don't want no trouble with the likes of you. A s'rimp—that's wot I calls you."

Did he say it with an easy contempt, or did John only think he heard the words?

The lantern was put down with a deliberate air. John saw by its light, for the man had not troubled to shutter it, a pair of very ugly, hairy, coarse hands. The other man was down, and Geoffrey was on top of him pummeling him in honest schoolboy fashion, uttering hoarse exclamations of rage and grief between the blows.

The ugly hands hovered a second above the boy; the fingers hung downward. Then it was John's turn. He sprang with such a force that the man standing by the open doorway was flung backward into the night. Before he could recover himself John was upon him. He caught a glimpse of

something that reflected the moonlight—a revolver in his enemy's hand. Before the ruffian could use it, something—was it John, or was it a white friar?—drove the man with a strange fury backward down the steps, where he lay helpless and broken.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRANSFER OF GRANNY.

John always maintained that there had been a white friar. The Howards, while believing in heavenly protection for their house and the precious relic which had so nearly been carried away by two of the most expert cracksmen in London, still believed in John and Geoffrey as the human agents of deliverance. The shrine in its fall had all but broken every bone in the foot of the man whom Geoffrey had tackled, who was in hospital, waiting to be sufficiently healed to take his trial. The other one had disappeared from the foot of the steps, probably aided by confederates.

John was glad to escape from the fuss that was made over the matter. He said that, apart from the white friar, Geoffrey had been the hero of the occasion. But Geoffrey was as little desirous of being praised as John and told the young ladies who called him a hero that it was a rotten thing to call him, and seemed so hurt about it they were obliged to desist from their noble praises. His father and sister said very little about the part he had played: only his father glanced at him now and again as though his pleasant schoolboy personality was a matter for over-weening joy and pride.

John got away for Christmas after all, and made the barest reference when he went home, to the scrimmage with the burglars. It had all been so absurdly easy, he said to his mother, when she would talk about it. If it had not been for the intervention of the white friar, the armed ruffians would have made very short work of an unarmed man in his pajamas and a schoolboy with a poker.

"Seeing that Father Mortimer was so capable of disposing of the burglars himself," John laughed, "there was really no need to waken us up at all."

Mr. Howard had written a letter, praising John extravagantly, while making no reference to his own boy's part in the saving of the Holy Hand. Madam, putting the letter away with the children's hair and some little shoes, with Cecilia's First Communion veil and the gloves she had worn, with John's baby drawings of birds and beasts-the child had a peculiarly intimate knowledge of the Little Brethren, and had had a wonderful way of rendering his knowledge.wept a little. There were also some of John's tear-blotted letters during the days when he struggled hard to stay at school, among the treasures. Side by side with them she laid the lofty eulogium of her boy.

"We used to call him John-a-Dreams," she said to Sir Anthony, with shining eyes. "He shall be John-a-Deeds."

"Stuff and nonsense!" responded Sir Anthony. "He had no business to go empty-handed. In his night-things, too! The boy had more sense, for he carried a poker. It was only luck that pulled John through—very bad luck for those ruffians!"

"If he had gone back for a poker even, the shrine would have been lost. They were only just in time," Madam said, but knew as she said it that there was no need to defend John to his father.

Since Tony had gone, there was only the family for Christmas, with some old cousins from Dublin, who always spent Christmas at Clew. Redmond and his wife came for a day or two. The house breathed more freely when Mrs. Redmond had taken her departure. She was always somewhat scornful of Clew, which was certainly outat-elbows, though beautiful. Madam's hands were very full. The old ladies, who had fallen on impoverished days, were somewhat sensitive, and inclined to think that they were not wanted if the hostess was not always with them, at their beck and call.

John was happy in being at home; he and his father were free to entertain each other. Sir Anthony, as the years passed, had assumed a different way with John, from the rallying contempt which had cut the boy's heart like a knife. Perhaps he had grown gentler. Madam, though she never said it, was sure that her husband, perhaps unconsciously, was glad to keep one son by him. She was all the surer when he pretended to scoff at her and John, asking her what she intended to do with her stay-at-home son, and wondering if John could be induced to stay with his wife if he married a wife without being homesick for his mother. Madam only smiled. She and John were less demonstrative now than in those schooldays, when they had clung together, shaken by grief and joy, John pouring into her ears how he had tried to stay, he had really tried to stay, but he could never leave her for long.

John went out on Christmas Eve, a white day of shining frost, with Mac at his heels, quiet now, after the first wild joy of his master's return. The breed-blue Irish terriers-had been at Clew for many generations. The father of this Mac had fretted after Cecilia and had been found dead on her new grave. So Mac was a beloved member of the family, and had been forgiven many sins of his youth before he grew staid, such as killing chickens, digging in the garden beds, burying his bones in the beds of the family, and such-like. John had gone out immediately after lunch, and,

passing through Cloughaneely, had postponed turning aside to report himself to Miss Horan, to tell her what had been befalling him in his absence. He was quite sure she had been kept informed of his proceedings; and the personal recital of them, which the old friend would insist upon, could wait.

He said to himself that he would see her on his way back. He was in the mood for walking. The strength had returned to him after the fever by slow degrees. He was his own man again, and was eager for such a striding over the mountain as his heart had craved for in the days of weakness. The hard day, for it was a day of nipping frost, made hard exercise a delight.

It was Petty Sessions day at Cloughaneely. Sir Anthony was in the Courthouse, sitting with the other magis-The village was unusually trates. crowded. There was a group of peasants, with one or two stalwart Constabulary men about the door of Among them John the Courthouse. recognized and greeted a man from the Islands. The Islands, under their new landlord, were fast ceasing to be miserable. Mr. Sweeney, through Father Hennessey, had been very generous.

He went along the road to the mountains at a brisk pace, his footsteps making a sharp, ringing sound on the frozen road. He had gone some way, and the mountains had begun to hem him in, when he heard a voice hailing him from the hill over him.

"Master John! Master John!"

He stopped, and turned about, looking the way the voice came. He had reached the boreen, which led to Patsy Murphy's little mountain farm, and there was Patsy himself, coming to meet him, as he had expected, for Patsy's voice was a familiar one.

"Come up, Master John!" he called

out. "It's good for sore eyes to see you home again: and the good woman's hungry for the sight of you. Sure, plase God, all the trouble's over and the good times beginning. I'm crippled with the rheumatism, so I am, Master John. Come up! come up! I wasn't able to go to Corofin Fair, bad win' to the stiffness in me oul' bones! But I'd a nice little harvest, glory be to goodness, an' the sow has as nice a litter of boneens as you'd wish to see. Herself did well with the chickens and eggs, too."

"Any horses, Patsy?" asked John, as he turned and walked with him. "It would be a queer day that you'd be without a horse."

"I've the little mare," said Patsy, with a queer, cunning side-glance. "She's the cutest thing you ever knew. She's better than ever. She'll make a racer or a lovely brood mare. But sure, you seen her yourself, just after she was bought."

John's eye kindled. He remembered the little mare.

"You didn't show her?" he asked.
"I was savin' her up till next August;
besides, I wanted to give you the
refusal of her."

There was something wheedling in Patsy's voice; and he sent long, cunning, sideways glances, which John noticed with some wonder. "If it was anyone but Patsy," he said to himself, "I'd say he was trying to do me. But Patsy was always as honest with me as anyone could expect in the sale of a horse."

They had climbed the hillside talking, and now Mrs. Murphy came out from the door of the little low, long farmhouse, to stare at John.

"I was wonderin' who at all Patsy'd got wid him," she said, as recognition broke joyously over her face. "Sure, you're as welcome as the flowers in May, sir. Patsy read to me out of the Freeman's Journal—'twas on all the

papers—about the great deeds you were after performin'. I'm sure the Madam's the proud woman this day. And the young lady, sir, Miss Monica. I expect she thinks there isn't the like o' you livin'."

John flushed uneasily: but before he could say anything, Patsy intervened. "Whisht, now, Judy," he said. "Never mind her, Master John. Her

tongue goes like the clapper of a bell if wance she's started: but she manes

well."

"'Tisn't often I get the chance to talk," Mrs. Murphy responded, amiably. "Amn't I by myself all day here wid the childher at school, and you away at fair and market? Only for the knowledgeableness of little Owen, an' the kindness of Shep there, and the nature o' Granny, I'd be lost. Still, dogs an' horses isn't the same as one of your own kind, to talk to. Nor even little Owen, that hasn't a word to say that any wan can make out, except the little sister. The crathurs understand each other fine, for all that it do be nonsense to the rest of us. Is it any wonder I'd be talkin' whin I get the chance, Master John?"

"A man'll go the len'th o' the day widout a word wid another man," said Patsy Murphy. "A woman does be screechin' out of her like a hin."

"You know his ways, Master John," said Mrs. Murphy, comfortably. "He's a terrible man after mankind himself."

"Owen is the new baby," said John, with a considering face. "At least, he was new last summer twelvemonths, or two years, was it? Shep I know also: but who is Granny?"

"'Twas Patsy, sir, gave her the quare name. He's a great ould Fenian, and he does be readin' the Poets' Corner of the Weekly Freeman. Granuaile is the whole of it. We call her Granny for short. Besides, she's very handy in the way of amusin' the children. She do follow them round

an' they pickin' a few sticks for the fire, or a few blackberries, an' she do have th' anxiousest look ever you seen, just like an ould granny."

"Oh, Granny is-"

"Here she is herself," said Patsy Murphy, as a delicate, silky long nose was pushed over the gate that led from the little grassy space in front of the house to the haggard with its few ricks, and the primitive farmyard behind. "She was out in the field, but she won't stay long by herself. Come and look at her, Master John. She's done well, sir, now hasn't she? Didn't I know what I was about the day I bought her?"

The mare whinnied as they turned towards the gate, and, standing still, her beautiful large eyes full of gentleness, she allowed herself to be stroked and handled, nosing John's hands when they were within reach with a muzzle soft as velvet. John, having stood a little way off to regard her, and walked all round her, while Patsy chewed a straw, and Mrs. Murphy, her arms akimbo, beamed broad benevolence on the little scene, was now stooping down, feeling her legs and fetlocks.

"She's a lovely thing," he said, standing upright. "Where did you get her, again? You were in luck that day."

"I said Cratloe, didn't I? She was a Willy-the-Wisp when I bought her. More betoken 'twas from a tinker man. I don't know how he got the likes of her. Look at her little feet! She'll let you take them in your hand the same as if she was a dog or a child. Still an' all, the legs is not too fine. Some o' them racers, they'd frighten you to look at them, the same way as if they'd snap off like a sugar-stick or a wine-glass. Wan o' thim glasses with the little delicate stims, I mane."

"You'll get a hundred pounds for her easily," said John. "She'll grow to a bigger price than that. If you send her to Sewell's, you'll get more."

"Sure, what would I be sendin' her to Sewell's for! I'm not in any hurry to get rid of her. The childher 'ud be roarin' an' bawlin', the crathurs, if she was to go. Besides, she's bought."

John's face, which for a few minutes of time had been oblivious of everything but the mare, fell.

"Oh, she's sold?" said he, with a rueful air. "Well, it's no business of mine, anyhow. I couldn't have put down the money for her. What did you get for her?"

"What would you think of seventy-five, Master John?"

"You should have got more," said John, with the same rueful air.

"Indeed, I didn't like to be too hard on the young lady. Besides, 'twas very hard on you about Young Terence. We were all afeard it would come agin you at wan time, Master John. Sure, she'd ha' given more if she was axed."

John stared.

"Oh! so a young lady has bought Granny. I don't understand why you talk of the colt, though. Your young lady was lucky in her purchase. There's good blood in Granny, if you did get her from a tinker. He must have stolen her."

"You like her, sir?"

A broad beam, as though of sunshine, passed between Patsy and Mrs. Murphy. John intercepted the glance, and wondered what it could mean.

"I've told you I like her. If I had the money, I'd try to buy her from the young lady, whoever she may be. But I've no money, so it's no use talking about it."

He turned again to stroke the mare, and she laid her head on his arm.

"She's took to you, Master John," said Patsy Murphy.

"Many's the time I heard ye sayin',

Patsy, that Mr. John McGrady had a way with horses the same as if he was a bit of a whisperer," put in Judy, unctuously.

"I'd better not come here again while the mare's here," said John, and laughed, with the sound of ruefulness in the laugh, "else I'd be envying my neighbor what belongs to him—or her. I'm lonesome for a horse, but perhaps it's as well I haven't got Granny for my own. It would be breaking my heart to part with her. And I'd be too poor to keep her. I dropped a good bit over Young Terence."

"To be sure you did," said Patsy Murphy sympathetically, while his wife clucked her pity. "Wasn't everyone annoyed for you?"

"So I can't do a bit of dealing for a time."

"Not unless you was to be lent the money, sir."

The glances of understanding between Patsy and his mate were now a cross-fire.

"Thank you very much for showing me the mare," John said, turning to be gone with an air of resolution. "I'll see the children another time, Mrs. Murphy. No, thank you, I don't think I'll wait for tea today. The darkness is coming on, and I'd better be getting home."

"Sure, what's come to you, an' you used to these parts, an' a lovely bit of a moon just showin'? I'll wet you the cup of tay in no time. Will you be after tellin' him, Patsy?"

The last sentence was said in such a smooth, carneying voice, that John turned and stared at Mrs. Murphy's bland, expressionless face.

"You tell him, Judy. You've got the talk more thin I have."

Mrs. Murphy made a gesture of despair. "'Tis the quare way min have with them," she said, "that they can't be plain-spoken. If it was to be, Master John, that the lady was buying Granny for a gentleman?"

"He'd be very lucky," said John, seeing Mrs. Murphy waited for an answer, pleating her apron demurely, and looking down while she waited.

"In troth he would. 'Tis better to be born lucky than rich. Wait till I wet the tay, Master John. Here's the childher comin' up the boreen. I know the bowld, impident voice of my own Billy. An' there's Shep off to meet them. If so be as the young lady was to buy the mare for you, Master John?"

"For me!" said John, staring.

"For you, Master John. 'Twas the American young lady, Miss Sweeney. She was terrible down about your losin' Young Terence, an' you on your bed. 'I'll give you the seventy-five pounds,' she said, 'as Mr. McGrady is not here to settle it for himself. Him an' me can arrange it afterwards,' she said."

"Troth, she did so," said Patsy Murphy, finding his voice suddenly. "I couldn't have towld it as well my-

self, Judy. 'That's a damned nate. nice little mare,' she says. 'She is so,' says I. 'She'll make a winner,' says 'Devil a truer word you ever said,' says I. 'I'm damned,' says she, if I won't buy her.' 'For yourself, Miss?' says I. 'For a gentleman friend,' says she. 'An' who might he be?' says I. 'The divil a wan,' says she, 'but Mr. John McGrady. I'm terrible heart-scalded,' says she, 'over his loss of Young Terence.' 'Maybe he'll take heart when he sees this one,' says I. 'Maybe he will,' says she. With that she whipped out her little check-book, an' she wrote a check for ninety-five pounds, 'for you'll have the keep of the mare,' says she, 'an' she'll ate a dale.' Am I telling it right, Judy?"

"Indeed, there's not a word out of place," said Mrs. Murphy, and hastened to "wet the tay."

"We kep' it to ourselves that the mare was yours, Master John," said Patsy Murphy. "There was one or two after her. 'Twas lucky the American lady got in first."

(To be continued.)

A CANADIAN AT YPRES.

II. IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL.

After many stops and starts we at last reached a dug-out; it wasn't the real dressing station, but the young German, who was really very intelligent, thought it advisable to stop and rest here for a while, as I was fairly exhausted. He shouted something to some fellows in the dug-out, and two of them came out and helped him to carry me in. In this place there was a medical chest full of everything necessary for the dressing of wounds.

They laid me down on a sort of hammock, and getting some stuff from the chest, they managed to dress my wounds very nicely. In order to get at my shoulder they had to rip the tunic off me. When I was dressed I felt fairly comfortable. They then got some cold coffee (the Germans seldom drink water in the trenches—they use cold coffee, which makes a very good drink, as many of our fellows can testify), and tried to give me a drink, but I was unable to swallow. I lay here for about two hours, and as I was now very wide awake and not a bit delirious, I had a good opportunity to examine a German dug-out.

It was a beautifully-built place, dug far down into the earth. There were steps of concrete leading down to a kind of hall; the interior or real part of the dug-out led out of this entrance at right angles, thus protecting the occupants from a shell which should chance to land right in the trench. It was absolutely bomb-proof; while I was there several of our shells burst right over the dug-out without making the slightest impression.

The floor was also made of concrete. It had a very high ceiling, and was as large as an ordinary dining-room. The roof, I think, was made of steel, but as the light was rather poor, I wouldn't be quite sure.

In these dug-outs the Germans spend most of their time when not on duty. Only the men on duty are in the treuch.

When passing along the trench we went through bay after bay without a single man in them. Their trenches are good, and very deep, but not a bit better than our own. In many places there were big gaps caused by our artillery. The Germans seem to be very much afraid of our artillery. I saw many of them, when our large shells would be heard approaching, running excitedly up and down the bay they were in, looking for some kind of overhead cover, no doubt; although their trenches are deep, and to all appearance quite safe, unless a shell happened to drop right in, they couldn't keep still. From this dugout I was carried in a stretcher to the dressing station, where I met the German doctors for the first time.

They immediately got busy with me. The bandage was taken off and the wounds thoroughly examined and washed out with alcohol. When I was again bandaged up the doctors inoculated me against typhoid and injected morphine. When they had finished with me, I was handed over to the Red Cross men.

I was carried from here to a light

railway, where I was put on a truck and taken out to the road. Here I was put into a motor ambulance car and driven to the field hospital at Menin. As I was being taken from the car, quite a large crowd of Belgians, men and women, had gathered around to see who was being taken into hospital. When they saw my khaki, I heard a whisper go round them-"English, English." They were all most eager to have a look, and in spite of the Germans, many of them smiled and waved encouragingly to me; the women showed more signs of sympathy than the men; the men contented themselves by whispering to each other.

I was no sooner in bed than I was surrounded by the German wounded who weren't confined to bed; some of them who knew a little English were pushed to the front and urged by their companions to speak to me and ask a few questions. They did so, but as I am not by any means an expert in gibberish, I wasn't able to make head or tail of what they were trying to say. It was a horrible conglomeration; all I could make out was some "ichs" and "achs" and the inevitable "Kamerad." They were all very nice, and anxious to let me see that they felt friendly towards me. In a few minutes an officer came along and they very soon-like all "old soldiers"-faded away. This officer, who commanded a battery of artillery at Ypres, was, as he told me in conversation, a professor of physics.

He could speak excellent English. He had come, as he said, to make me feel easy as to my position. He told me I was no longer "the enemy," "but an honorable wounded prisoner of war." He asked me if I was feeling well enough to converse with him; I told him I didn't feel well, but I would certainly like to talk with him. He had given me a pencil and writing-pad to write all I wanted to say. After he

had propped me up in bed comfortably, we proceeded to talk. Of course I was aware of the danger of saying too much about military matters, so I determined to know nothing. But as it turned out he asked me no questions about military matters. "For," as he said, "I don't want to take advantage of your weakness, nor do I want you to write too much. I will do all the talking." The first thing he did was to write two postcards for me letting my people know what had happened Then he proceeded to deny the accusations of the Allies that the Germans were barbarians. He said the German people were a kind, gentle race and deplored the terrible war. He assured me that the doctors would do all in their power to pull me through, and that their specialists would exercise all their skill in fixing my jaw, so far as anything could be done with it. He asked me what I was in civil life, and when I said I was an organist, he was interested, as one of his best friends was an organist; but he said, "I am afraid, Allan, you will have to give that up if you live, for it is a question if you will ever speak again." He said my wounds were grievous, "but as soon as you can be moved, you will be sent to England."

I must say his summing up of my wounds and my chance of a good recovery was not very cheering; still, I didn't believe that I would die, nor could I think I would never speak again. I wasn't so sure, though, about having to give up my profession. In spite of the gloomy outlook, I didn't feel at all depressed. I was absolutely content to be again in a good bed and have people working round me to help me through. I thought "sufficient for the day was the evil thereof." The future didn't matter a great deal just then; it was enough to come through such experiences as I had come through in the past two days and to feel that I was still alive and likely to live to meet some other kind of trouble in the days to come.

I was determined not to pity myself, as I believe self-pity is the greatest drawback to one's recovery. I never did pity myself at any time. I always minimized my injuries and dreamed of complete recovery with a whole jaw. In this way my life was made bearable, even though I had to take all my nourishment for two months through a tube. It takes an effort to be optimistic on a starving body that can only be fed with liquids. However, it can be done, and is done every day by the soldiers in this war.

This officer visited me every dry while he was in the hospital; he went back to his battery, and I never saw him again; before going he got another fellow who could speak English to keep his eye on me and talk to me occasionally. I appreciated the attentions of the artillery officer very much indeed; he appeared to be a very fine fellow—quite a different stamp from some I met later.

On the morning of June 4 I was taken into the operating theatre, which was full of doctors and nurses. They appeared to be much interested I was on the operating in my case. table over an hour; there was washing, picking, cutting, and scraping going on at a lively pace. The chief doctor appeared to be in a rage about something; he called the Red Cross men and questioned them about some matter; the men shook their heads and replied "Kaffee" (coffee). I began to wonder what all the fuss was about; there seemed to be something wrong with my wounds. The doctor poured a whole bottle of some strong acid over my jaw wound. While he was doing so he asked me if the stuff burned; but it didn't.

It was at this time I got my first drink of water; it was given to me by a tube passed through the wound and put down my throat. In this way I had the finest drink I ever drank.

In the course of a few days I learned that my wound had been poisoned by something. The doctor asked me if I knew what had done it. I wrote that I rather feared that I did; it must have been the water I tried to drink Since it had poifrom the rum jar. soned my wound so that the doctor was alarmed, it must have been, not water, but some other stuff, probably what was used for spraying the trench. From now on I was fed through a tube; for the first two days I had nothing but sugar and water. Later on I got some wine and milk. I was the only Englishman in the large ward I was in; all the rest were Germans.

I suppose the Germans would be saying at the time of the battle that they had few casualties; well, if they had, this field hospital directly behind the scene of the fight was full of their wounded, and most of the cases had just come in. It gave me great satisfaction to know that, in spite of the great odds against us, we had inflicted terrible punishment on them.

I saw some horrible wounds here; some of the poor fellows were literally broken in pieces. A great number of them were clean out of their minds. As I was unable to get sleep for the first three or four days, I was able to hear all that went on. One young fellow in a bed across from me annoyed and worried me greatly. He would start up in bed and keep calling most of the night, "Schneider! Schneider!" This would be hissed out in a hoarse, frightened voice. He seemed to be afraid of something, and wanted to get in touch with some companions. However, he turned out to be a German. Another fellow was having a great time calling on his "Gretchen" and "Mein Vater, mein Vater!" One big fellow at the bottom of the ward contented

himself by roaring like a bull. This was all very interesting, but it didn't lull me to sleep.

Towards midnight I generally got an injection of morphine, which gave me great relief from pain, but, strange to say, wouldn't make me sleep; but it made me see things. I would be, at one time, back in the trenches dodging shells, another time burying an enormous cable which would always persist in coming to the top again; at other times I would be alone in the trench. and it would be night, and the ghosts of the boys who I knew were killed would come to watch beside me and try to persuade me to make the plunge and join them where they said there was no pain nor thirst, but lots of beautiful sleep and perpetual peace.

Sometimes I would get out of bed and have a look round. A pet practice of mine was to take my pillow and go to the bottom of the bed and lie there for a little; very soon I would go back again to the top. This would go on for a long time; I would smile to myself and wonder what the doctor would say if he saw me. This performance usually ended in my getting up and pretending to make my bed. Needless to say, the bed and I were always in a muddled condition in the morning. The orderly could never understand why my bed-clothes should be tied in a knot, and the doctor was puzzled at my weakness and my high temperature.

I was in a bed that was partitioned off; there was a number of these special beds for the serious cases. Of course there was one side that was open; I was able to see most of the ward from my bed. There was a German in a bed opposite mine whom I took a dislike to at first sight. He appeared to cherish the same sentiments towards me. He wasn't a badlooking fellow at all; in fact, rather good-looking, with an intelligent face. He seemed to have the hate fever rather

bad, judging by the looks he gave me. This is a special malady peculiar to some types of Germans. This fellow had orderlies and nurses running after him all the time: he was eternally whining and complaining; his wounds were very slight, too. He asked the doctor one morning to be removed from my vicinity. The doctor asked him why. "Oh," he said, "I hate these 'schweinhunds'" (pig dogs). I think he expected the doctor to applaud his fine Germanic sentiments. If he did, he must have been disappointed, for the doctor warmly chastised him, and almost hit him. One of the orderlies who could speak English and was very friendly towards me told me all about it. I told the orderly to give the fellow my compliments and say that I was sorry that I didn't meet earlier in the game such a fine soldierly specimen. He was the only one of that type I had anything to do with.

I was visited every day by two Belgian nuns who were very kind to me. They always brought a very fine drink with them containing wine, milk, eggs, and iron. They kept this up till the doctor stopped them, as the wine was raising my fever.

One day the doctor brought a Belgian priest in to me. Along with the priest came some nuns. The priest spoke to me for a long time and was very nice indeed. He hadn't much use for the Germans. Being a priest, he exhorted me to pray, and prayed for me himself. He told me his church was also praying for me. I must confess, though, I didn't pray; I was too sick to bother much about where I was or was likely to go to. I didn't object to his praying. He had an idea that my days were very short and that prayer was necessary. I hadn't many ideas about anything, so was unable to see the importance of prayer.

In the daytime I required all my strength to breathe and struggle with

what little liquid I could take. It is a funny thing that I should have been able to get up and muddle around while under the influence of morphine; my midnight performance left me so weak during the day that I could scarcely raise my head. In fact, I couldn't do so without assistance. Of course I was very grateful to the priest and his church for praying for me, as I believe that the prayer of good men availeth much. God doesn't expect a man to pray who is struggling for his very life. When Christ raised Jairus' daughter from the dead He didn't say "Let us pray for the damsel"; no, He said, "Give the damsel something to eat." We must have our bodies clean, pure and strong if possible, before all else. Some people in an extremity think there is nothing to do but pray to God. I don't; I believe in carrying on right along till something has been accomplished. Nevertheless, the priest could pray, so here's to him.

I remained in this hospital about a week, and on the whole had very good treatment. There was only one day in which I could say I was neglected. It was my worst day, too. On this day the doctor didn't come near me till long after dinner. I had had no food from the previous night and, what was more serious, had no dressing. I was in a dreadful condition; my fever rose in an alarming manner. When the doctor did come I was so weak I couldn't move. I complained to him and asked him why he hadn't come before. Of course he cleared himself: he said it was the orderly's fault; the orderly should have visited me first thing in the morning to dress my wounds and give me some food.

This was just an excuse, for the orderly told me afterwards that he was warned not to touch me, as the doctor said he wanted to watch the progress of my wounds himself. However, from that day I got good attention. The

doctor himself visited me three times a day and dressed my wounds; in between times the orderly did some dressing, too. The doctor also visited me every night at midnight, put on fresh dressings, and gave me morphine. It is only fair to say that the doctor was very busy with fresh cases coming in, as the fighting round Zillebeke was still going on fiercely. From my bed I could hear the heavy rolling of the big guns which were firing day and night.

On the morning of June 11 I left Menin to go to Germany, where I had to meet some wonderful specialists, who would make me all over again and do a number of marvelous things. The German orderlies and some of the wounded soldiers told me great things of these specialists—they were simply diabolical in their cleverness, and so on. I took all they said with reserve: I hoped all they said was true, but I was dubious. I hadn't seen any wonderful thing that was German so far. I was quite content to wait till I got to England, where I knew the surgeons were really skillful. The reputation the Germans have got for organization, they have in their army, and it is good, but we have in two years built up one just as good as theirs, and it took them forty years. Our organization at the front is the finest thing in this war; anybody who has seen it in operation will tell you so. Our newspapers are entirely responsible for Germany's reputation as organizers.

If the Germans were the organizers and the strategical geniuses they are touted up to be, they should have won this war by the Christmas of 1914. They had everything in their favor—guns, ammunition, millions of trained men; there is absolutely no excuse for them—they should have won the war. And why didn't they? Bad organization and strategy. Instead of running for Paris, they should have

secured Calais and the coast; they could have done it quite easily. Look at the mess they made of the Verdun affair: why, the thing is as clear as day-bad method! When the train, which was a regular Red Cross hospital train, left Menin, it didn't set out directly for Germany. For practically a whole day we went from place to place picking up wounded. When all were collected, we set out for Stuttgart via Brussels, Liége, Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Rhine Valley. The train was a huge one; hundreds of wounded were on board; there must have been over twenty coaches. Most of the wounded were German. About fifty Canadians arrived at Stuttgart, nine of whom were Princess Patricia's, the remaining C. M. R.'s. While we went through the Rhine Valley the weather was lovely, but I was not permitted to see any of the scenery, being unable to look out of the window. However, I wasn't exactly in a sight-seeing mood, so I didn't worry on that score. There were three C. M. R.'s in one compartment beside me, Captain Lattimer, Privates Baller and Macbeth. There was a nurse and an orderly for two compartments. The food on board the train was good; the fellows were also supplied with cigarettes. As there were no facilities on the train for feeding me. I had to go without. This was no great hardship, as I didn't feel like eating, or rather drinking. There was a doctor on board who dressed my wounds several times. We were two days and two nights on the train. On the night of June 12 we arrived at Stuttgart, but had to sleep on board, and were taken off in the morning, June 13. It was a great delight to see the stretchers lined up on the station Hundreds of Red Cross platform. men and nurses were in attendance. Germans and English lay side by side. I only lay on the platform a few minutes; I was one of the first to reach the

hospital, and was in bed half an hour after leaving the train. Only the Canadians were taken to the Third Reserve Hospital, the Germans went elsewhere. The hospital in pre-war times was a "Rollschuhbahn" (rollerskating rink). It was a very fine place indeed; spacious, clean, and beautifully finished. I didn't care much for the decorations; they were crude and vulgar, like the people themselves in many ways. At one end of the building there was a fine stage, where an orchestra used to play and where pantomimes have been performed. A broad gallery encircled the hall. There was every convenience, a good washing room and baths, abundance of electric lights, steam heating, etc. We had a garden to promenade in when able to get up. The hospital boasted a staff of six doctors (civilian); six sisters, who were all nuns; an adjutant of medical staff and an adjutant interpreter; a host of inspectors, clerks, orderlies, cooks, and a few ladies who gave their services as dispensary clerks. In addition to the six doctors, a special surgeon visited the hospital when any serious operation had to be performed.

German missionaries visited us every week, and each Sunday a priest came to preach to the French prisoners, who were all Catholics. We were supplied with plenty of good books in English; Mr., or rather Herr, Schenkel, our missionary, supplied most of the books. Just before I left Stuttgart, Mr. Wheeler, an American Y. M. C. A man, started to visit us. He brought some more books and a few good games. He also undertook to arrange for lectures on various subjects and organize a Bible class for Sundays. I left before these were in operation, but I have since heard from one of my chums who is still there that lectures and classes are in full swing. I should have said before that as soon as we were fairly in German hands, all letters,

money, and, in fact, everything we had in our possession, was taken away from us. We were supposed to get all our belongings back when we were removed from hospital, but my letters were never returned; some of them I valued very much.

We were the first British soldiers that the Stuttgart people had anything to do with; consequently, there was quite a "Strafe" on for a while at first. The doctors treated us in silence, the sisters looked on us with suspicion, and the orderlies were quite hostile. We were the hated ones, the "principal enemy." The French, poor people, were mere pawns in our hands; they were our stepping-stone, as it were, to world domination. There was, and is still, a great attempt on the part of the Germans to sever the French from the British by a propaganda scheme through the medium of a special paper printed in French by the Germans and distributed to the French prisoners. This paper, which was called Gazette des Ardennes, made some show at supplying "official" war communiqués. The editorials every day were full of "Perfidious Albion." Needless to say, these editorials had no effect on the French, because of their intense hatred of the Boche.

We folks of the British empire will have to love each other dearly in the future, for we are a large family that gets along very nicely, and which will still have to have itself well insured by the best insurance—love and unity.

We gave the Germans no opportunity to inflict punishment on us; we carefully observed all the rules, were polite, and kept our own counsel and our own company.

There were in this hospital about 250 beds, most of which were occupied. Until we arrived, only French and Russians were the occupants of these beds; so it was quite a novelty to have British, particularly Cana-

dians. I like the Russians; they are solid, sincere, and trustworthy.

After we were all fairly settled in our new home, and had been examined and dressed by the doctors, it was quite amusing to see our fellows stretching their necks to see if they knew any of their companions in exile. Across the way from my bed I noticed a face that looked familiar, but I couldn't place it at all. This boy saw me watching him, so he, too, wondered where he might have seen me. Of course a recognition in the ordinary sense was out of the question, as we had all been cruelly changed; we could only catch impressions, and it is difficult to establish a recognition from an impression. However, we were soon helped out of the maze; over each bed there was a blackboard on which was inscribed the name of the patient, his diet, and an account of his wounds. In an hour or so over the head of the one I was interested in was printed in clear type "Brown." When I saw that, I immediately recognized one of my own regiment and company, but, as I said before, in a sadly altered condition. Of course, in spite of my name going up, he couldn't recognize me on account of my injuries. I question very much if my nearest friends could have done so. Later on in the day his bed was placed beside mine, so we finally established our identity. I got my writingpad out, and we were very soon exchanging experiences. He and I were great pals from that time, and shared our joys, sorrows and eats (when they arrived) with each other.

He had just arrived from Havre the night before the attack, so his experience of trench life was short, but very stormy. He was in supports when the storm burst. All through the long and terrible bombardment he had escaped without injury, and was able with a few more companions to put up a very fine fight when the German hordes

swept down upon our trenches. Their only cover was a tree that had been knocked down by a shell; they used this till the Germans were right on top of them, so they beat it further back and again took fresh cover and commenced peppering away at the onrushing hordes. Very soon they were surrounded and on making a last dash to get back from the horrible inferno through the enemy ranks, most of . them were hit, including Brown. Even then they thought they could get through, so Brown and a companion, assisting another boy who was more seriously injured, staggered through the hail of lead to a trench where they thought to make their escape good, but when about to enter the trench, a German officer and a large number of men were waiting for them with leveled rifles; thus the game was up, as their rifles were slung, owing to assisting a companion who was worse off than themselves; I think this boy either died or was killed by a chance shot just as they reached the trench.

I won't attempt to relate the experiences of the other men, interesting and fascinating as they all are; nor do I intend to mention their names, as this is a purely personal narrative. Suffice it to say we all had the same treatment at the hands of the Germans, and when I describe my own experiences in Germany, I very largely relate theirs too.

At first I was examined and my wounds dressed twice every day; nothing was done during the night; we didn't even have the sisters; only one orderly kept watch over the two hundred patients. Many of us needed attention during the long night, too, but we had to comfort ourselves with the hope that sleep would come to our aid in fighting with fever, pain, and anxiety; sometimes it did—sometimes. However, as the days went past, we felt better, and the Ger

began to take greater interest in us, and even went so far as to like us.

I got all my food through a tube; the sister fed me at first, but after a few days a Frenchman who was able to be up was detailed to look after me and see that I took my food. All the work of cleaning, sweeping, etc., was done by the patients.

The hospital was swept three times daily and the floors washed every alternate day. Everything was kept scrupulously clean, and every sanitary precaution was taken. Operations were performed every morning, our men were having their legs amputated at a very lively rate; some had hands amputated, and two or three had an eve taken out. I venture to say if these men had been picked up by our own people and taken to British hospitals, they would have their limbs today, and three of them who died would still be alive; these deaths were due to lack of proper treatment, and to dilly-dallying on the part of the Gérman doctors. I wasn't long in hospital till I had my doubts confirmed that the German specialists were highly over-rated, and I should be lucky if they sewed my face up in a presentable way; the being "made over again" business was merely a dream on the part of my German "companions" at the hospital in Menin.

There isn't really much to relate about my life in Germany; one day was much like another. The day began at 7 o'clock; all beds were made, patients washed, and hospital swept before breakfast, which was at 7.30. Breakfast consisted of coffee without sugar and brown bread without butter; as I could only take liquids, my breakfast was made on this fine coffee, which, by the way, was only suitable for Germans. I dreaded the drinking of this coffee more than the morning dressing; one can always put up with pain, but how many can overcome the

nausea caused by unpalatable food? I had to drink the coffee, too. I think the sisters looked on the drinking of that stuff as a religious rite. If the stuff was too much for me, and I left some of it, the sister would screw up her face and say, "Al-lan, if you—not—trink—you—die." Ah well, I thought, it is in a good cause; I always was an enemy of absurd concoctions.

The dressing operations commenced at eight, and usually took most of the morning. Woe betide the man, whether German or a prisoner, who made the slightest noise during this period. Silence is absolutely necessary to the smooth working of the German brain. it is so peculiarly constructed. Germans love (next best to seeing a man salute) the exhilarating effect of watching men standing at attention for hours. Any man who is liable to sneeze, or who has acquired the habit of flapping his ears, had better not become a prisoner in Germany. Gentleness wasn't the watchword of the German sisters; the pain they inflict on a man was a matter of the least importance. One can excuse roughness if it is backed up by efficiency, but when it is accompanied by inefficiency it is a crime. Some of the sisters were quite capable, but others were anything but that. The doctors took no part in the dressings; they merely stood by looking on, and, we must assume, intelligently superintending. sionally they would rouse themselves and seem to take an interest in things; this usually meant a wire thrust into your wounds, just by way of intimating to you that it is a doctor's duty to make you squirm.

Our doctor could speak good English, but he religiously refrained from speaking to us in our own language. I discovered he could speak good English quite by accident; some high official had called one day and seemed interested in my case—he wanted to

know a few things regarding my wounds, and what inflicted them; our doctor put the questions to me in English, and very good English, too. I can't understand why he refused to speak English, for the adjutant interpreter spoke to us very freely in our own tongue. Of course it is useless trying to follow the German mind in all its ramblings and peculiarities.

At 10 o'clock I got some warm milk and some beef tea. Dinner was served at 12.30, and usually consisted of soup, potatoes, and meat (horse flesh), sometimes red cabbage in place of potatoes, and on Fridays fish instead of meat. Of course I didn't get that course; I was on a special diet; my dinner was made up of soup specially prepared to go through a tube.

At 3 o'clock I got some more milk, and at 5.30 soup. The men on ordinary diet had breakfast at 7.30, dinner at 12.30, and supper at 5.30; no extras were allowed unless the patient was on special diet. The food was wholly inadequate to sustain our men, and until our parcels from home began to come, the men were starving all the time. We came to Stuttgart on June 13; parcels began to come about September 1.

The German system of dressing is a very simple one-it consists of dry bandages and dry gauze. In cases of septic wounds, alcoholic water was poured over the mild cases, but the more serious cases were treated with a much stronger antiseptic. That comprised the treatment; no fomentations were used: the Germans seemed to have an antipathy to water. Men who couldn't move out of bed had to go for weeks without a bath. All treatment was local; there was only one part to a man's body, and that was where his wounds were. I lay for two days in mud before being picked up, consequently my head was coated with mud and blood. I had my first LIVING AGE, VOL. IX, No. 435. shampoo when I was able to do it myself, and that was in the end of July. My hair, which was always plentiful and in good condition, has suffered in consequence. Everybody speaks of the Anglo-Saxon's bath, but who ever heard of the German and his bath? In this case, too, his attentions are quite local.

At 4 o'clock the dressings were renewed, but only the serious cases were granted this privilege. After the first month this was stopped; we had to content ourselves with the morning dressing; some of the men were lucky if they had three dressings in the week. Clean shirts, clean towels and handkerchiefs were supplied every week; beds may be freshened with clean sheets once a fortnight, more often they may not. The men who were allowed to be up were supplied with a hospital suit; it consisted of cotton trousers and a long coat-quite a comfortable outfit, but by no means elegant. On good days such men were allowed to promenade in the garden from 2.30 till 5 P.M. Sometimes on hot days a number of patients were carried out in their beds to enjoy the benefit of a sun bath.

The adjutant of the medical staff was a very capable man and ran his hospital well, but he was the terror of the German orderlies and clerks. He was able to lash himself into a perfect fury on the spur of the moment at the slightest provocation; he would yell and foam at the mouth like a madman. All the staff had a holy dread of this stout little fire-eater. He was mainly responsible for the kindness shown to us after the first month. He watched us closely for a while and tested our men in various ways; when he saw that we were well-behaved, courteous, and clean, he wasn't slow to compliment us; after this the Englanders were the favorite prisoners. We didn't have any privileges, but we were treated with

great respect by all the members of the staff, which was a very fine thing for us. We could write one postcard every week and one letter every alternate week.

Towards the end of July the doctors considered that my wound was clean and ready for the operation; so on August 1 this operation took place. I was taken into the theatre at 8 A.M. and didn't come out till after ten. I had only a local anæsthetic, so was able to see all that went on and to appreciate the delightful sensations of having my throat cut. The reason why such a big operation was performed with only a local anæsthetic was, as I was told afterwards, to avoid any possible reaction; such reaction would probably have nullified the work of the surgeon. My mouth was stitched right up save a small part sufficient to let a tube in. The surgeon worked very hard, and I think did his work neatly. He was assisted by two other doctors and several nurses. An old orderly, who was a good old soul and quite a favorite with us, held my hands all through the operation; I don't know how he managed to do it, for it must have been no light task to stand motionless for two hours. I was never more relieved at anything than I was when that was over; if ever I sweated, I did then.

A local anæsthetic may be all right when having a tooth extracted or a small abscess pierced, but it is all wrong on a big operation. Of course it is a little better than nothing, but not much. The surgeon was cutting flesh and scraping bone for fully an hour, the rest of the time was employed in stitching and bandaging. A long incision had to be made on my throat; the surgeon had completed this and was preparing to spread open the wound when he remembered he hadn't injected the anæsthetic. Although the pain was exquisite, I had sense enough to lie

perfectly still, otherwise serious consequences might have ensued. The surgeon was very sorry and apologized for his little slip; he told me not to worry, he would be more careful and give me as little pain as possible.

I don't intend to say much more about my stay at Stuttgart; it was just six months of monotony; nothing very dramatic happened save three or four raids by our aeroplanes and my operation. I was very sick indeed for two weeks after my operation, but after that my progress was rapid and sure. There was quite a bit of excitement when our airmen dropped bombs a few hundred yards away from the hospital. It didn't frighten us much; in fact, we were secretly rejoicing at these exploits. We felt quite homesick for the firing line when we again heard the familiar sound of bursting bombs, and gunfire from the anti-aircraft guns of the Germans. Two or three raids were quite without effect; I suspect they were merely reconnoitring parties sent over to get the lay of the land, for one raid brought off a few weeks before I left was conducted on a large scale and did considerable damage. munition factory just outside Stuttgart was absolutely wrecked, and a large number of workers were killed and wounded; we heard from Frenchmen who were forced to work in this factory, and who were injured and brought to our hospital, that upwards of three hundred were killed and injured. The raid was made about mid-day, when the factory was working fully manned. Several German machines were brought down; all the Allies' machines got back safely. Stuttgart is fairly well protected by anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and a squadron of aeroplanes and a few Zeppelins. We saw the aeroplanes and Zeppelins frequently flying over the city.

In September a Swiss Commission visited the hospital and recommended a

number of us for an exchange. This exchange was to Switzerland. In November their recommendation was confirmed and all preparations were made to transport us, and on November 15 the lucky ones set out under an armed escort for Constance.

We left Stuttgart at 2.30 p.m. on the 15th and arrived at Constance about 11 p.m.

On the way we saw plenty of German soldiers at different stations with full pack, entraining for the front; most of them seemed to have been on leave. The German soldier is very sloppy; in fact, many of them look more like tramps than soldiers. They haven't the smart appearance of our men, nor do they look so intelligent. This is not a prejudiced opinion, but a fact which is apparent to everyone who has seen the Germans. They are certainly brave soldiers, but, then, so are our men; the German is an automaton, while our soldiers are full of dash and initiative and possess more staying power.

When we arrived at Constance we were taken to a large military barracks and housed in the hospital of that establishment. About a thousand British were there, including nearly one hundred officers, all waiting on the exchange. Owing to a hitch in the arrangements, the medical examination was delayed for two weeks. In the interval we passed the time as well as we could reading and walking in the barrack square. We got fairly good food and could have a second helping for the asking; needless to say we were asking frequently.

At last the examination day came, and along with it a great excitement The Cornhill Magazine. and the inevitable crop of rumors, which were as usual all wide of the mark.

There were five German doctors and two Swiss doctors conducting the examination. The work was gone through very rapidly; in two days everybody was examined, and in a week's time the place was cleared. A large number were rejected, but the majority got through, and were dispatched to various towns in Switzerland; six, including myself, were detailed for England.

We left Constance on November 27 for Aix-la-Chapelle via the Rhine Valley. At Aix-la-Chapelle we remained a week and met another medical board. Five of our six got through; the other boy, an Australian, was sent back to hospital for an operation. We left Aix-la-Chapelle on December 6 for England via Brussels, Antwerp, and the Hook of Holland. At the Hook we were taken on board the St. Denis hospital ship, arriving in London on the evening of December 9 after a rather stormy voyage. Not till we arrived in London could we feel that we had really left Germany and were free men once more. About eighty-four of us were exchanged; some were very badly battered, but by the look on each face as we sat in the train bound for London and saw ladies handing round tea and cakes. one would almost think we were returning from a picnic which everyone had enjoyed. We had been on a picnic all right, but it was organized by the minister of evil himself.

I have finished now, and after a final operation my dreams of a whole jaw will be realized.

Alex. Millar Allan.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

This appreciation owes its origin to an episode of years ago that still rings down the dim aisles of the narrator's memory. It is the experience of an eager-souled youngster wandering in that House of Wonders known, to those who love it best, as the Galloway Hills. To that youth the gods sent as guide into the realms of Pan a sweet-natured, tiny, ancient mantoo old for the toil of the fields-and therefore entrusted with the herding of the flocks. I can call him to mind now, a quaint figure in a nondescript suit, brown as the burnt heather where he stood. Yet, when you looked into the splendor of his blue eyes, still and deep as the waters of a mountain tarn, you forgot the oddness of his physical presence. You were under the spell of the natural seer. He was no scholar, as the world counts learning, but his wisdom was as profound as the sea, in the things that appertained to the Spirit. The earth and sky to him were the playground of invisible presences whom he had learned to regard as more real than the external things of life. It was he who first spelled out for this lad those secrets of inanimate nature which reveal themselves in the elemental forces of wind and fire, and who first implanted that desire for communion with Nature which the spirit, athirst for Beauty, experiences in its frequent moments of ennui, that spiritual wanderlust which Novalis expresses in the words:

Very remarkable it is that through this play of his personality man first becomes aware of his specific freedom, and that it seems to him as though he had awaked out of a deep sleep, as though he were only now at home in the world. The substance of these impressions which affect us, we call Nature, and thus Nature stands in an immediate relationship to those functions of our bodies which we call senses.

It was this same yearning that made Wordsworth cry out for something, even were it the imagination of a pagan, which would make him less forlorn—the conviction that it is only those hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty that are the hours when one really lives.

You can imagine, then, the elation with which, some years ago, I happened upon a writer who reopened up a pathway to that new mode of being, revealed to me in earlier days. hard to resist excesses of language in recording that discovery, and I must avoid them. Algernon Blackwood would much deprecate praise in this connection. His simple claim would be that he was a humble explorer in the field of mysticism, who has but attempted to translate into understandable terms the researches of such well-known explorers in this field as Fechner, Jacob Boehme, Plotinus, Freud. Novalis, Ruysbroeck and Emerson.

Incidentally it is curious to note that the search for this mode of approaching the hidden spirituality that lurks behind phenomena, has not been confined to the mystics. Ibsen and Maeterlinck, choosing another medium years ago, concerned themselves with the "interior Drama," what someone has clumsily called "the dialogue of the second degree," in which, as Blackwood, in "The Centaur," has expressed it, "what takes place in the mind and heart become alone the true events: their outward expression in the shifting and impermanent shapes of matter becomes the least real thing in the world."

There is just a chance that much of

what has been said about Algernon Blackwood, and what he has himself written, may be regarded as slightingly as the abracadabra of the vaudeville magician whose purpose is rather to impress with his cleverness than illuminate with the clarity of his It is solely to those who believe that the imagination is not a state of consciousness but human existence itself, that his work comes as a refreshing gospel. Frankly speaking, it is to the poet that has died young in most of us that his constant appeal is made. For the human who does not class himself in that category I fear Mr. Blackwood's message will be regarded as wasted breath.

But before that type of reader dismisses the subject so easily, I think he ought at least to be assured that Blackwood, the pantheist, is not a kidgloved, lush-locked decadent-whose excursions in life have been limited to the amenities of the Café Royal. know of no modern novelist whose experiences have been so far removed from poetical inspiration, or who has come to such close grips with the problem of living. Eleven years ago, when I first happened upon him, he had no thought of his present destiny. To put it bluntly, he was in the driedmilk business, for what it was worth. His career before that may briefly be summarized.

Algernon Blackwood is the son of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, and Sydney, Duchess of Manchester (widow of the sixth Duke). He is a nephew of that great-souled Irish gentleman, the late Marquis of Dufferin. To this Celtic strain may be traced a temperament which is displayed at its fullest in the picture of Terence O'Malley in "The Centaur." I referred to that book in a conversation with Mr. Blackwood, and to the irresistible spell it held over one reader—so much, indeed, that he had

to lay down the volume very frequently, to escape its overpowering sway.

"That is the kind of effect I had hoped to achieve," he said quite simply. "Most writers hold their own test of the value of their readers. Kipling, I am told, regards his exquisite story 'They' as the touchstone of the reader whose approval he cherishes most—so when readers tell me they like 'The Centaur,' I know they have passed my test."

But I digress. The probability is—so modest was Mr. Blackwood about his own ability—that if Pinero's stepson, Angus Hamilton, had not at that period carried off some ghost stories out of a cupboard in Blackwood's lodging, and promptly placed them with a publisher, our author would still have been in business and as comfortably rich as his then partner has now become.

Mr. Blackwood's early years were spent with the Moravian Brotherhood in the Black Forest, a locale which he has used in "John Silence." Subsequently he was educated at Wellington College, completing his studies at the University of Edinburgh, whose hills and byways he has described intimately in "Julius Le Vallon." But beyond an editorial venture on a Methodist magazine, the path of literature in England did not attract. He was out for real adventures, and this led to his being given an immediate share of the Blackwood patrimony, when his passion for the open air life drew him out to Canada. Arrived there, with the wisdom and confidence of a twenty-yearold, he picked up a partner, with whom he started a dairy farm near Toronto. That occupation failing to pay, the partnership was dissolved, and with what little was left, Blackwood bought up a discarded hotel which he ran in company with a young Oxford graduate. The hotel

experiment ended badly—the two young men had come to the end of their resources, and then came, in the case of Blackwood, the experience to which he dates his initiation into the nature worship which is the dominating note of all his work

We went out into the Canadian backwoods, and there, for six months, we lived in the heart of Nature—and there I began to realize that kinship of human beings which is more or less the message in all my books.

Enough money having arrived to attempt fresh adventures, he journeyed to New York to make a fight for existence. In that Poe-esque volume, "The Empty House," there is a story called "The Suspicious Gift," which affords an insight into the author's early struggles. Three of these dead-beats lived together-one of them, a Frenchman, an absinthe victim. Frequently the trio were so hungry they could not sleep, and on these occasions they used to buy dried apples and soak them in hot water, to produce that "full" feeling after eating which induces sleep. It was an exciting but sordid time. Often they had to wait till the Monday, when the pawnshop opened, to enable them to deposit a bit of clothing in order to buy food. To turn an honest cent, Blackwood went through such varied jobs as posing to artists like Dana Gibson, Cox and Zogbaum-teaching French and German to clerks, and giving tuition on the violin. Some free-lance translations of French stories for certain New York dailies led to his securing a post as reporter on the Evening Sun. There he saw the seamy side of New York life-as a police-court reporter whose tasks led him among blackmailers, police-protected people, and demanded attendance at the electrocution of various murderers.

But the work must have irked any

clean-souled man, and when a gold strike was rumored at the Rainy River gold-fields, Blackwood set out with a chum, only to find that placer machines were necessary to the exploit; lacking the funds to buy them, the two retraced their steps. He was lucky enough, on his return, to get placed on the New York Times, on the magazine page, and spent two years in congenial occupation. It was not till then that he attempted to write, and that at the urging of friends, but, his efforts having failed, he accepted the post of private secretary to Mr. James Speyer, of Speyer Brothers, with whom he returned to England.

Thus, crudely enough, are epitomized the leading incidents in Mr. Blackwood's career. It is just eleven years since accident placed him in the way of his destiny. Certain facile reviewers, out for labels, have dubbed him "the Sherlock Holmes of Ghostland" and "the super-psychic Sherlock Holmes." One need not trouble one's soul with these jejune epithets, based on a perfect misunderstanding of the author's work. Has not Yeats said that "the tree which moves some to tears of joy is, in the eyes of others, only a green thing standing in the way"? Besides Blackwood seeks no converts. Dedication to one of his books reads significantly: "To Those Who Hear." The message of his books, despite various attempts to link him up with the mystical horrors of Edgar Allan Poe, is to those of the elder race. It is the Ideal of an older time he holdsan ideal which may be expressed thus: In the beginning was feeling-not thought. The ancient mind did not crystallize into a hardened point, but, remaining fluid, knew that the mode of knowledge suitable to its nature was by intercourse and blending. Its experience was that it could blend with intelligence greater than itselfthat it could have intercourse with the gods.

Mr. Blackwood's greatest attempt at stating the faith he holds is contained in that much misunderstood story of his, "Julius Le Vallon," which devotes itself to a daring exposition of the theme of rebirth. As to its purport I may be permitted to adumbrate somewhat of the ideas that Blackwood has set himself to interpret. In remote times Humanity lived so close to Nature that the elemental activities of Nature were actually shared by them. Nature worship was the communicating chord which the Invisible Brain and reason had not developed. Men felt rather than thought. They read Nature like a written script. $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{y}$ feeling with the elemental powers they could even share those powers. Such powers might then be regarded as gods. And in the Nature worship of that day they evoked these gods and shared their strength and beauty.

To those who have not made acquaintance with the Blackwood books, perhaps, in naming "Julius Le Vallon" I am doing its author an injustice in counseling that this should be their first adventure into the realms of the Unknown. There are fifteen others. Each is alive with a tense spirituality. For Blackwood the true Shekinah is the soul of man, and in pursuit of his subject (his whole material possessions contained in three trunks) he has wandered throughout Europe, pantheist pilgrim visiting every possible shrine where Beauty might be. For "The Wave," his latest volume, Egypt became his resting-place; the The Bookman.

idea of the book of strange wonders, "The Centaur," came to him in the Caucasus Mountains; "A Prisoner in Fairyland," with all the madness of its dreams and the wild largeness of its outlook, was born in the Alps; "Pan's Garden," that eerie collection of nature stories, was evolved in the Jura Mountains, to which he again returned in the rushing splendor of "The Human Chord." I have already spoken of "John Silence," which owes its atmosphere to his sojourn in the Black Forest, but I have left no space to speak of those wondrously beautiful books in which he guides us adults, tiptoeing fearfully through those realms sacred to the hearts of children, such as "Jimbo" and "The Extra Day."

The ordinary mystic is well content if his vision may conjure up from the dim shadowland that lies at the Back of Beyond, the pale, ineffectual ghosts of yesterday-ineffectual shapes forever pathetically dumb. There are no vaguely moving shadows in the realms of Blackwood's world-his transcendent imagination rising to the nth sense invests his characters with the contours of living beings. For, above all, he is a practical mystic with a message for this generation. Arnold Bocklin, the Swiss painter, had the same vivid, uncanny imagination, and had these two met I do not doubt they would have joined hands and, wandering together in that ancient Garden of the World-Soul, have evolved together some immortal work, whose purpose would have been to take away the ache of the World.

Robb Lawson.

"BATH-BUNS."

I.

The Alcibiades had actually become a "good-morning" ship! How different

from those dreary winter-times when she was attached to the northern base! Then officers came in to breakfast looking glum, fed-up, and choleric. With averted eye, they snatched up a paper or a magazine, not so much for the readable items in it, but because having it in front of them at table was an excuse for ignoring their messmates.

Chatting early in the morning presupposes a feeling of lightness in one's vitals, which they sadly lacked. Close confinement, potted air and indifferent food had done them in the eye in that respect.

To say "Good-morning" was to ask for trouble, and everybody knew it. Poor defunct Mackellar was rash enough to make the experiment. In the early days of his life on board, he persisted in inflicting that ill-starred greeting on the torpedo-lieutenant. Finally the much-tried "Torps" so drenched him in a torrent of acrimonious verbiage that Mackellar never repeated the offense.

II.

On this particular morning, when the Alcibiades steered a southerly course, and the wardroom was bright with the flowers the first lieutenant had brought back with him from Cornwall, it was "Good-morning, pay; good-morning, commander; morning, O'Brien;" and so on, through the whole gamut of officers.

The engineer commander did not say, "I'll have a pot of tea this morning," in a loud voice, the moment he entered, as if the smashing of the Hindenburg line depended on his momentous decision. Rather was it his gracious pleasure to wait until the marine servant politely broached the fateful question, "Tea or coffee, sir?" and he astounded the whole mess by not complaining it was too strong for him. Neither did the staff-surgeon, who detested tea in the morning, drop dark hints to the effect that his coffee reminded him of a certain murky

river he had once visited in the East.

The corporal of the servants, whose felicity depended on the moods and fancies of his officers, exulted in their changed demeanor.

"They're eatin' out of my 'and," he told the pantry, speaking metaphorically, of course, because the Alcibiades had made good all crockery defects during her extensive refit at Devon-"Goodness knows, too, it's about time," he reflected, sneaking a little Devonshire cream for the strawberries he had stowed away in the ice-chest. "There ought to be a spirit of give-and-take in the wardroom, anyhow," he murmured, eating his berries with great relish; "otherwise it's hell. On their bad days they seem to forget we men of the royal corps are not brought up as ruddy waiters. After all, it's our genius for compromise that's made us Turkies great, isn't it, 'Stripey'?" he asked the sergeant of marines, who looked in to tell the skeptical wine-steward the staff-surgeon had said he might put him down for a beer later on in the day, and was much too busy looking after his own interests in this direction to mind what his understrapper said. "I say, it's the glorious art we have of adapting ourselves to circumstances that's made the royal corps what it is," the corporal of the servants concluded; "else how could I, a soldier, carry on flunkeying?"

III.

It was perhaps the new spirit of complaisance that made it possible for the wardroom officers to bear up cheerfully under the exceptional hardships of that self-same July morning. The bathroom plumbing had broken down during the night, and the metal baths which are suspended, canopylike, over officers' heads in their cabins came into their own again. While their masters were still wrapped in

slumber, servants stole cautiously in and releasing these glorified souptureens from their fasteners, laid them gently on the deck of the cabin. As soon as they had filled them with the proper proportions of hot and cold water, they woke up their gentlemen.

"Bath's ready sir," they informed them before stealing back to the marines' mess.

A few minutes later officers were already entrenched in a posture suggestive of happy babies in soap advertisements, when a horrible discovery was made. They could not find their sponges!

"Sentry! Sentry!" a dozen distressed voices cried out in quick and startling succession.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said that dazed individual, darting from one to the other like a hen in search of her favorite chick.

"Send my servant to me at once," was the agonized command.

The servants responded in none too good a spirit, and no wonder, seeing they were being disturbed at their breakfast. In fact, Private Barlow met O'Brien's piteous look with the stony glare of a marine on parade.

"I knows nuthin' about it, sir," he said emphatically in reply to his master's frantic inquiries respecting the defaulting sponge. "I missed it meself this morning, and thought you had thrown it away. Yes, sir, I really did," he murmured, softening, as if he felt in duty bound to pay a last tribute in passing to the memory of the emaciated sponge in question. How pygmean it was compared with that of his other gentleman, the first lieutenant's! Now. that was some sponge.

"There ain't no more on board, sir," was Barlow's outward response to the staff-surgeon's suggestion to "take up" one for him in the ship; "the canteenmanager ses as how we're going to

a country of sponges, he didn't take on any fresh stock."

"Tell the canteen-manager from me," O'Brien said, getting on with his bath, "he oughtn't to sponge too much on possibilities."

"I must say I thought it rather odd, sir," Barlow went on, somewhat mollified by this sally, "that the first-lieutenant's was also adrift; and his ain't no small one to get away with, as you know, sir," he added, scarcely able to repress a snigger when he thought of how the water-laden missile had once brought down the staff-surgeon. "Not only his, sir; but from what I heard at breakfast, there's been a general weeding out of sponges on this flat, and all the orficers are complaining."

IV.

This was not by any manner of means the only fly in the ointment of the mess's happiness. There was another trouble, which cast a gloom over them before divisions were sounded off. Direful tidings had reached the wardroom regarding Nicholas III's illness.

Ever since the recall of Stoker Struldbrug's pet, the revered tortoise, the Alcibiades had not possessed a real mascot. It is true, a black ram had scampered about the decks for a time; but he soon died, under chloroform, while the staff-surgeon was amputating his ungainly tail. Dogs were too common, for does not every halfpenny paper contain the picture of such a one? The officers and ship's company generally brooded in vain over their need in this direction, until a happy opportunity gave them a truly ideal mascot.

During their stay at Devonport, H. M. S. Cheeryble had come in to "pay off," after doing a commission in the White Sea. Before leaving that icy station, the Czar Nicholas II had not only decorated them, but presented their mess with a fine young bear, whom they had christened Nicholas III, in commemoration of his imperial donor. On their arrival in England, however, his future became somewhat of a problem. Many of the Cheeryble's disbanding complement would have liked to take the bear to their new ships, but quarantine regulations stood in the way of his being landed at all, so it was decided to hand him over to the Alcibiades.

V.

Nicholas III came on board in a blaze of glory, and the details of his nocturnal exploit made every living part of the ship vibrate with ear-splitting guffaws. It seemed that Nicholas III had landed, after all!

The Cheeryble people, loath to part with their mascot, kept putting off from day to day the fatal hour of his departure, until Nicholas III ended the intolerable stalemate by going off, all on his own, in the dead of night.

H. M. S. Cheeryble had docked in a slip abutting the park-like grounds of the Royal Naval Barracks. The ruminating eye of the bear must have dwelt on this charming vista of green when he stretched his legs on the afterbridge. The wonder is that Master Bruin did not choose to gambol on its grassy softnesses in the brilliant light of a summer day.

The great outstanding feature happens to be that, under cover of darkness, Nicholas III left his snug billet on the boat-deck of H. M. S. Cheeryble, and ran the gauntlet of half a dozen sentries, for the sole purpose, it would seem, of breaking into the art-reveries of Temporary-Surgeon Newcome, R. N.

VI.

Surgeon Newcome was attached to the sick quarters of H. M. S. Vivid, as the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport are called, and it was part of his duties to make rounds somewhere about 4.A.M. whenever he had a "day on." Most of the other young doctors had an awful moan over this unearthly-like-hour visit; but Newcome looked forward to it with complacence, and he was even known to anticipate the time.

For one thing, the doctor was inordinately fond of anything relating to either Greece or Rome; and was not the path between the officers' quarters and the sick-wards literally strewn with statuary of all kinds, in the shape of dismantled figure-heads which had once stretched themselves becomingly under the restless bowsprits of anything from a frigate to a threedecker?

Walking through these grounds in the uncertain light of early morning was almost as pleasurable to this daydreamer as a visit to the Vatican galleries, with the bucolic charms of the Villa Borghese thrown in. It is true, the Vivid collection lacked anything so sublime as a "Laocoon," but the place bristled with gods and goddesses of all kinds. The mirthful Bacchus was there, looking askance at his kinsman Juniperus for hobnobbing with the dusky Angostura; while Neptune's brow was dark and scowling, as if meditating revenge on the usurping under-water boats.

VII.

Newcome had gone out of his way to commune with the awful Cerberus. The light was fitful enough for him to use his electric-torch in contemplating the monster which had once embellished an early H. M. S. Vigilance. That is just where Nicholas III came in. The bear loved torches. Had not the officers often surprised him by flashing one in his sleepy eyes on the boat-deck of the Cheeryble? What more natural than to steer a course straight for the doctor? Up to a cer-

tain point, his "seamanship" was most proper, but as he came within the sphere of Cerberean influence it degenerated into a series of jerky zigzags, one of which brought him into violent collision with the "stand-easy" legs of Surgeon Newcome. That officer toppled over, and as he was brought face to face with Nicholas III, the baleful light gave him the impression that one of the three Cerberean heads had come to life. Without pausing to think what a strange transformation the dog-like commissionaire of the infernal regions had undergone, the horror-struck young doctor up and ran as if for dear life, with the playful bear in close pursuit. Newcome uttered a fearful vell when he discovered the frolicsome animal was leaping after him, and the attention of the sentries being directed to the unusual scene, they promptly joined in the chase.

The temporary-surgeon got in all right, but the person of Nicholas III was apprehended on the hallowed steps of the officers' quarters, and he was put in the "lock-up" for the night.

VIII.

The incident was referred to the R. N. B. commander, who glared fiercely at the animal.

"According to his identification disk," the master-at-arms said gravely, looking at the oval-shaped silver plate on the bear's collar, "this prisoner's name is Nicholas III, and he's a supernumerary on board H. M. S. Cheeryble."

"What has that got to do with me?" the commander asked irritably. "What's the raison d'être for his being here?"

"Date, sir?" ejaculated the masterat-arms, catching at what was to him the only intelligible word-sound in this irrelevant question. "Why, it's the 7th of July, sir."

"You silly ass," the commander exploded, "what I'm trying to get at

is, why have you brought the brute before me?"

"He was found loitering in the grounds and creating a disturbance early this morning, sir," the master-at-arms replied mechanically.

"What the blazes is he doing ashore, anyway? Do they think we're running an animal-canteen here?" fumed the commander.

A corporal of marines from the Cheeryble fell in before the commander. "Nicholas III has never been ashore before, sir. It's just like this, sir; last night being his last one on board, sir——"."

"What do you mean by 'his last night'?" the commander interrupted him

"Nicholas III is in process of being transferred to the Alcibiades, sir. Them are the exact words of the captain of marines—"

"Oh, I'm sick of all this infernal twaddle!" the commander roared. "Will no one rid me of this pestilential beast? Do you propose taking him back to the *Cheeryble*?" he asked more calmly.

"No, sir. I've been ordered to escort him on board the Alcibiades."

"Is there anyone here to back up this statement? I mean, from the Alcibiades? What assurance have I they'll take him at all, and that this tomfoolery will not be repeated?"

"I'm from the Alcibiades, sir," responded a petty-officer, stepping up smartly. "We'll take him all right, sir, and I'll see he's kept under restraint until we sail, which will be tonight, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Grease, sir."

"Well, be careful he doesn't slip through your hands, with a name like that," the commander cautioned, going on to his defaulters.

IX.

Nicholas III arrived on board the Alcibiades, therefore, with a lurid past,

The bear became at once uproariously popular and the news of his sudden illness, coming so soon after, filled the mess with genuine sorrow. This became acute when the baldheaded chief-yeoman of signals, that harbinger of good and bad tidings, came up to Staff-Surgeon O'Brien, just as the latter officer was finishing his breakfast, and said, "Beg pardon, sir, but would you mind seeing Nicholas III? He's getting worse, sir."

O'Brien went along with him to the starboard battery, where Nicholas III was lying on his back near one of the six-inch guns, surrounded by a number of commiserating marines.

"Give Nicholas III hair," Corporal Bassett called out.

"He's got too much as it is, for this hot weather," the marine barber grinned.

"Gangway!" the sergeant of marines ordered, as the staff-surgeon appeared on the scene.

O'Brien made a careful examination of the bear, who was in a very inflated condition, and apparently suffering great pain.

"Nothing seems to ease him except drinking water, sir," the sergeant of marines remarked. "If he goes on like he has been, he'll drink our fresh-water tanks dry."

The staff-surgeon sent for ard for the best and strongest pill the navy produces. Alas! Nicholas III was beyond all medical treatment, and within half an hour the poor fellow had made a painful exit from this vale of tears.

Luckily there was a taxidermist on board, who had joined up "for hostilities only," and he undertook to stuff and mount the bear, so that he might be placed on a pedestal in the captain's lobby, as an eloquent reminder of the mess's appreciation of his brief sojourn on board.

Chambers's Journal.

X.

Staff-Surgeon O'Brien assisted the process by performing a post-mortem, which proved illuminating to everybody, including Ship's-Corporal Grubbins, who had come for ard to the sick-bay on an errand connected with the missing sponges.

Sick-Berth Attendant Pickles walked in his sleep, and on the occasion of his last bout of somnambulism he had visited certain officers' cabins, and abstracted medicine-bottles therefrom, stowing these commodities away in one of the dispensary lockers. The sleuthlike Grubbins had, therefore, come hither in search of his quarry.

The result of the staff-surgeon's postmortem examination, however, disabused the ship's-corporal of his plausible theory, and completely exonerated the somnambulistic Pickles. The bear had died of pressure on the heart, caused by a greatly distended stomach.

As O'Brien said, "Nicholas III might have got away with the others, but the first-lieutenant's was too much for him."

This referred, of course, to the spongy state of the organ in question.

"I think that's mine," the A. P. said, pointing to one which was curled up in a *cul de sac*; "it always had a funny color."

"You'll have a funny color, and a thick ear in the bargain, my lad, if you make light of my scientific investigations," the staff-surgeon warned him, handing over the remains of Nicholas III to the taxidermist.

The mess was betwixt tears and laughter, when a cipher message came through from the *Cheeryble:* "Trust Nicholas III has not misbehaved himself. Forgot to tell you he is passionately fond of sponges, which, like a true sportsman, he seeks in their natural habitat, officers' cabins. So beware. Au revoir."

"Æsculapius."

COLONEL HOUSE.

There are very few Americans more discussed and less known than Colonel House, the head of the American mission. I have watched American public life at pretty close range for over twenty years, but I cannot recall anyone at all like him. His personality, his position and the use he makes of it are all unique.

Up to five or six years ago practically nobody outside his native State of Texas had ever heard of him. And even in Texas, where he had busied himself with State politics for a couple of decades or so, his power was rather felt than seen. You might talk in the nineties with any average Texas politician for hours at a stretch and not hear Colonel House's name so much as mentioned. But if you happened to meet one who was exceptionally well informed, and who really knew the forces at work behind the outward bustle of primaries and conventions, then some reference to him would inevitably crop up.

"Between ourselves," you would be told, "the man who put this through Never heard of him? was House. Well, I'm not surprised. Very few people have. House, of Austinson of a banker and landowner-comfortably fixed but not a millionaire or anything of that sort-queer fellowdoesn't want money, doesn't want office, doesn't want publicity-never met anybody quite like him-seems to be really in politics 'for his health'likes running things from behind the scenes, suggesting policies, choosing candidates, managing campaigns and that sort of thing-a regular hobby with him-and, make no mistake, he delivers the goods. Yes, sir, he's a crackerjack."

It was in some such intriguing form that rumors of Colonel House's existence and activities would occasionally reach one in Washington or New York. I say "intriguing" because they suggested a new type of American public man. The ordinary "Boss" I had met and studied to repletion. But no one that I know of, even today, has ever spoken of Colonel House as a "Boss" or has suggested that he bears any resemblance to those strange products of the American political system.

Men of means and education, again, who were unfashionable enough to devote themselves to politics, I had come across in plenty. But they were always running for office, thrusting themselves forward, making speeches, taking a public part in the hurly-burly, doing all the prominent and popular things expected of candidates.

Colonel House, one gathered, was on a different tack. He approached the problem of influencing the monstrous mechanism of American government and its legislative output from a wholly novel angle. He wanted nothing for himself. He could hold, I suppose, at this moment any post he pleased in President Wilson's Cabinet, but he prefers to remain a private He established a new profession-that of Political Consultant; and the conditions on which alone he could make a success of it were that he should be absolutely disinterested, should owe nothing to any man, should never appear in public, and should offer his advice and make his recommendations with a single eve to what was best for his party and his State and his country.

Some things are very requisite in a man who would play such a part. He must be an honest man; and Colonel House is honesty itself. "I can point out to you a few men," said President Wilson, at a public dinner some

eighteen months ago "whom every man ought to be afraid of because nothing but the truth resides in them. I have one in particular in mind whom I have never caught thinking about himself. I would not dare to make a pretense in the presence of that man even if I wanted to. His eyes contain the penetrating light of truth before which all disguises fall away." No one had any doubt as to whom the President was referring, and no one who had met Colonel House had any doubt either that the tribute was as just as it was fine.

Another requisite is an eye for men and the knowledge of how to handle them. In both respects Colonel House is quite first-rate. He is one of the shrewdest judges of character and capacity I have ever encountered. He sits and listens and appraises, saying next to nothing himself, never giving himself away, drawing men out and watching them as they lengthen for the revealing trait, a master of the art of sympathetic silence.

But Colonel House has another qualification for the position he holds—he is a rare judge of a situation. A quick, pertinent disentangling mind helps him much; his knowledge of human nature, of men as individuals and in crowds, and his ready sense of the play of life and events help him still more.

In Colonel House these aptitudes meet with singular completeness, and they make him an ideal counselor for a man like President Wilson. The two men have known one another for hardly more than six years, but they took to one another from the start, and they have remained the closest

The London Chronicle.

of friends and colleagues. I do not know how far the Colonel "influences" the President. When his mind is made up I should say that nothing and no one has much effect on Mr. Wilson. But in the process of making it up I do not doubt that Colonel House's opinion weighs more with the President than that of any other man.

He knows men and life and politics with an intimacy from which Mr. Wilson has necessarily been debarred; he is loyalty and disinterestedness personified; he tells the President what is usually the last thing a man in a great position hears—the truth; a better envoy to inquire into and report on a given situation one could not wish for; his management of last year's Presidential campaign was a masterpiece of organization and selfsuppression; and as the President's eyes and ears, enjoying his innermost confidence, and in touch with men and movements all over the country, this cool, sagacious, fertile adviser has been an asset of enormous value both to Mr. Wilson and his party.

Colonel House foresaw the war more clearly than any other American, and from the first moment of its outbreak, or at least since the sinking of the Lusitania, foresaw also where duty and honor and self-interest would lead His visits to Germany. America. France and Great Britain during its progress have brought him in contact with all the chief actors in the drama; as head of the American mission he played an invaluable rôle; and a still greater part is reserved for him when the time comes for framing the final settlement.

Sydney Brooks.

A WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY.

President Wilson, who in his utterances on foreign and international policy stands nearer to the ideals of free democracy than any other official statesman in the Allied Group, has rightly summed up the chief object of the Allies in the prosecution of this war against Germany as being a supreme effort to make the world safe for Democracy. This is no empty phrase, but the real motive force which led the Allied nations to bind themselves in sacred covenant not to make peace with Germany until her aggressive militarism had been utterly discredited, and which inspires them now, after three years of tremendous military effort, honorably to maintain that convenant, despite all the cajolery, diplomatic finesse, and sinister threats resorted to by the enemy at frequent intervals with the object of detaching one or other of the Allied nations from the Alliance. Indeed, it may safely be aserted that if the determination of the peoples had been actuated by material motives instead of by a pure and unselfish spiritual passion roused to white heat by a deep sense of wrong, their power of resistance would long ago have succumbed to the more efficient and highly organized military machine of Germany. Germany's strength at the beginning of the war lay in her practically unassailable military organization, which, as the result of long years of systematic training and preparation, had reached the point of unequaled efficiency and striking power; but her ultimate vital weakness, uncompensated for even by her military efficiency, was her withering national soul, which had long been starved of nourishing and stimulating spiritual foods, and was only allowed to draw an artificial sustenance from the drugs of

militarism, autocracy, and the lust for world domination.

On the other hand France and Great Britain, though greatly inferior as regards immediately available military strength, were vastly superior so far as real latent power was concerned, because their brotherhood in arms was comprised, not of autocratic Governments which found it necessary to coerce or deceive the people in order to obtain their active support for the policy to be jointly pursued, but of free peoples living under representative government and with constitutional means of enforcing their The only substantial criticism that could be directed against France and Great Britain was that Russia, the third principal partner in the Alliance, could by no manner of means be regarded as a defender of democracy. But while it could not be claimed that Russia was fighting primarily in defense of democracy, it was true that she was fighting against a wicked and unjust attempt on the part of a powerful nation to impose impossible conditions on a weak and altogether inferior people-conditions which have not been nor ever can be justified.

It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that the Alliance at war with Germany was inspired by high and lofty sentiments, and not by lust for world domination or desire to stifle the national life of other countries. Russia has since become a member of the still incomplete League of Democracies. It is quite true to say that the young Russian giant has not yet attained complete control of his limbs. It is not an original experience, for all free peoples have suffered from a similar weakness during the transition stage from autocratic to responsible democratic government. And there-

fore one would expect the older democracies to be very solicitous for the welfare of the latest arrival; that they would vie with each other in their anxiety to give the new Russia the benefit of their long experience as fully developed democracies. As is the case after all revolutions inspired by ideals of freedom and democracy, Russia is suffering from the ill-effects of revolutionary intemperance, which are rendering certain sections of the people incapable of distinguishing between liberty and license, discipline and dictation, facts and doctrines, order and anarchy. Nevertheless, her Government continued to battle against two dangerous extremes: one which tended to run freedom to the point of chaos and disorder, and the other which sought to prevent democracy attaining a healthy, sound, and fullgrown manhood. It was inevitable with such conditions prevailing that the Government were distracted from immediate war activities to counteract the dangerous internal intrigues of dissatisfied and scheming coteries, whose machinations were seriously impairing the nation's fighting power. And now these disruptive forces, assisted by the cynical lack of sympathy on the part of Russia's Allies, have succeeded in bringing about its downfall, and may eventually betray the cause of democracy by a separate peace with the Germans.

Unfortunately there are those amongst the Allies who have viewed Russia's regeneration with undisguised apprehension; who have judged it by its immediate effect upon Russian military strength, and not from the point of view of its lasting and profound influence on the development of world democracy. Everything was valued in terms of military profit or military loss. They did not care one atom whether Russia was a democracy or an autocracy so long as Russia

remained a powerful military factor in the present war. They seemed incapable of recognizing that a democracy at war, if convinced of the righteousness of the cause for which it was fighting, would be a more reliable and longer-staying partner. Even now, despite the deplorable national conditions to which the two extremist enemies of democracy have reduced Russia, the position is not less favorable than it would have been had the old régime continued, for it is common knowledge that the Tsar's Ministers were on the eve of concluding a separate peace with Germany, which would have been a grave betrayal of the Allied cause. Nevertheless, there are people in democratic England who are almost praying that before long a complete state of revolutionary intoxication may supervene, in order that as a result of the subsequent reaction Russia may fall an easy victim either to the deposed Tsar or to the first ruthless dictator who has the courage to shackle his newly freed limbs. Russian democracy may be enslaved anew, for all they care, so long as Russian militarism can be made vigorous and effective. seem wilfully to ignore the fact that the best way to secure a strong and healthy military partner is by helping the Provisional Government to consolidate its position, and by convincing the Russian people, as the British people were convinced in 1914, of the righteousness of our cause. But they do nothing to help Russia, and do not even trouble to speak their criticism and vent their sneers in private. It is all done in the full light of day, without any remonstrance from our own Government, which is the Ally of the Russian Government. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that people are beginning to entertain fears that, instead of the War being continued to make the world safe for democracy,

certain forces of reaction in this and other Allied countries would not hesitate to sacrifice democracy itself and civilization in order to secure complete domination over Germany? For it is clearly apparent that certain sections of the community are more intent on the commercial and economic enslavement of the German people than on the maintenance and extension of world democracy.

Let there be no mistake about this. The people of Great Britain do not want an unsatisfactory or premature peace, but neither do they look to a peace which shall secure the political, economic, and social enslavement of Germany for long years to come. The real enemy is German militarism, which is an evil spirit to be stamped out forever. The faith and confidence of Germany in brute force as an ideal instrument for attaining their national ambitions, whether right or wrong, must be destroyed; and this will be attained when Germany's military machine has been discredited in the eyes of her own people. This is the national spiritual change which the Allies set out to secure; and peace, whether it come soon or late, will be unsatisfactory if it does not achieve for the world the complete discredit of aggressive militarism, and the substitution for it of a higher conception of national and international responsibility.

But if this war is to make the world safe for democracy, the peace which the Allies make with Germany must contain all the conditions and safe-guards essential to the future life and natural development of free democracy. All nations must forswear the use of aggressive militarism; in a society of free nations there should be no place for militarism. But it is altogether futile to expect militarism to be stamped out of existence, and democracy to reign supreme throughout a world at peace, if Living Aqu. Vol. IX. No. 426,

the Allies intend, by an agreement amongst themselves, virtually withhold the condition of freedom from a real German democracy. Allied domination would differ only in degree from German domination, while the reign of world democracy presupposes absolute surrender on the part of all peoples of all desires and ambitions to dominate. It is clear, therefore, that the Allies in their fight against German military and economic domination ought to declare openly and categorically that they pursue no similar ambitions of their own. They must repudiate all ideas of military domination, and renounce all intentions of creating an impenetrable commercial barrier against the German people. It will be a matter of little immediate concern to the German people whether they live under an autocratic or a democratic Government if they know the Allies intend to strangle them commercially after the termination of this war. Whatever differences of opinion may exist among them on the question of system of government, the whole nation-republicans, democrats, and reactionaries-will be reunited in firm determination to resist such dishonorable and crushing ambitions on the part of the Allies. It would be nothing short of hypocrisy for the Allies to call upon the people of Germany to democratize their machinery of government if it was intended to withhold from the new democracy any essential condition of absolute freedom: and the present war, which we all regard as a war of aggression by Germany, would in very truth become to the German people a war of aggression on the part of the Allies and would be unnecessarily prolonged. For the enemy within the gate is almost invariably forgotten in the national desire to resist the unjust encroachments of the enemy without.

On the other hand, the Allies are bound to insist upon an honorable and durable settlement of all issues involved in the War, but they are in a position to justify the continuance of hostilities only until the German people show a real disposition to participate in the establishment of a stable peace founded on democratic principles, and not on the selfish interests of either group of belligerent nations. German militarism has already been defeated; it is now in process of being discredited, and a free German democracy will know how to deal with the shattered remnants. Territorial adjustments, such as the restoration of Belgium and Serbia, with adequate compensation for all wilful damage and destruction; the reconstitution of Poland; the disannexation of Alsace-Lorraine: the extension of Italy and Roumania to their natural frontiers, admit of no dishonorable or unjust compromise. These are fundamental territorial restorations and readjustments which the enemy must agree to if a lasting peace is to be secured. Any territorial adjustments which are not capable of being disposed of by the principle of the "rights of a people to settle their own destiny," such as those The Athenaeum.

which are desired for strategic reasons, are not questions which warrant the continuation of the War for a single day longer than it will take to secure our fundamental aims; they are subjects to be settled by negotiation at the peace conference.

The evil effects of Germany's policy of aggressive militarism and world domination must be fully remedied; German autocracy must give place to a German democracy; militarism must be eliminated from Germany and from the rest of the world; adequate provision must be made to maintain peace amongst the democracies of the world by the establishment of a complete League of Democratic Nations and all dishonorable and unjust ambitions to world domination-whethpolitical, military, or commercial-must be renounced by every nation.

The united resources of the Allies should be devoted to the accomplishment of these just and laudable aims; and efficient, highly-organized, and well-directed military effort must at once be supplemented by a wise and discriminating use of its complementary weapon, the political factor. This is the speedy and sure path to safety for world democracy.

Arthur Henderson.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

From every point of view—the historical, the moral, and the military—the fall of Jerusalem is an event to stir the emotions of the world. General Allenby might have arrived sooner at Jerusalem had he not forborne to use a single military manœuvre which might have brought into peril the hallowed buildings and approaches of the city. The pompous and theatrical visit of the German Emperor to Jerusalem in 1898, when he inflicted his patronage upon a

curious and bewildered population, must have remained sufficiently clear in the memories of Jerusalem for the people to compare the British way with the German way, greatly to the advantage of the British. General Allenby entered the city in a quiet and gentlemanlike manner; no part of the walls was thrown down for him as was done for the Kaiser when the Imperial procession, by an appropriate act of vandalism, was saved from the inconvenience of having

to go a few yards out of its way and enter by one of the ancient gates.

In considering the various aspects of the capture of Jerusalem, let us say something first of all about the brilliant seven weeks' campaign conducted by General Allenby. On October 31st Beersheba was captured, and with astonishing speed General Allenby, who has the true cavalry mind, drove back the disintegrating Turkish line and reached Gaza on November 7th. Thence the next part of the advance was comparatively simple across the plain of Philistia. The junction of the railway between Jerusalem and Damascus was seized, and Joppa was captured on November 17th. Very difficult country was entered, however, when our troops climbed up into the limestone hills of Judæa. Here to the northwest of Jerusalem the Turks were much helped by the nature of the country, and they delivered incessant attacks, well knowing that if they fell back any further their communications with Jerusalem would be cut. And now occurred an excellent example of the strategical importance of hammering away where the bulk of the enemy's forces can be engaged. General Allenby engaged the Turks northwest of Jerusalem so hotly that they were compelled to draw reinforcements from their lines south of Jerusalem, where to all seeming scarcely anything had been happening. Thanks to the efforts of our men northwest of Jerusalem, the road from Beersheba south of Jerusalem was made easier. On December 7th General Allenby, advancing again from the south, seized Hebron, and began a new and swift movement from that point which the Turks either had not foreseen or had not provided against. Within a few hours the British troops had left Bethlehem behind them, and firmly occupied the Jericho road which lies east of Jerusalem. Simultaneously our troops to the northwest virtually joined hands

with this force by making a special effort and reaching the Shechem road, which runs out of Jerusalem to the north. Jerusalem was completely isolated, and the surrender was made without a single shot having been fired into the city, or even into its outskirts. It was in 1517 that the Turks, then in their great days of conquest, captured Jerusalem. Exactly four hundred years later it has fallen to British troops, gallantly helped by French and Italian and Indian contingents. The Turkish losses in the Palestine fighting cannot be far short of forty thousand men, but the effect upon their moral must be measured even more in terms of prestige than losses in men and guns. The whole campaign is enormously creditable to the brain which planned it. This was exactly the kind of campaign which the War Office in past generations sometimes allowed to dawdle on, insufficiently supported with men and material, till the nation became alarmed at the wastefulness of indecisive acts and insisted on having the matter cleared up without further delay. In the present circumstances excuses might easily have been found for some degree of confusion. We are engaged in many other parts of the world, and the lack of shipping for a distant campaign is notorious. Yet the success has been as thorough as it has been swift. offer our hearty congratulations to Sir William Robertson as well as to General Allenby. No one knows better than Sir William Robertson does that the issue against the Germans must in the main be fought out in Flanders, but when he consents to "a little packet," he does so for a sufficient reason, and shapes his means most accurately to his

The loss of Jerusalem is only one more step in the progression by which the prestige of the Ottoman Turks is being taken away from them. Their Holy Cities are dropping out of their

grasp one by one. Mecca has been taken from them by the Arab King of the Hedjaz. We are not sure about the fate of Medina, but if it does not already belong to the King of the Hedjaz, the time cannot be far distant when it will come under a power which, from all accounts, has been most beneficently exercised. Bagdad, another holy city, with which may be coupled the name of Kerbela, yet another sacred city not far distant, has been removed from Ottoman misgovernment, forever as we believe, and Jerusalem is the fourth in the series of losses. Damascus and Aleppo, also sacred, are still a considerable distance away from General Allenby's army; but if the Turks, or rather their German masters, force us to continue the war long enough, these places too will be liberated, and the Ottoman Turk will be driven to find what sacredness he needs in some such place as Konia in Asia Minor, once the capital of the Seljuk Sultans. Though Jerusalem has been with intermissions under Moslem rule for over twelve hundred years. the Turks ruled there only one-third of that time-since 1517, as we have already said. Even in strictly Islamic cities the Turks were always usurpers, and behaved as such. The capture of Jerusalem by the Allies means that the Moslems, Jews and Christians will receive impartial justice in a land that is revered by them all. Although to both Christians and Jews Jerusalem is the most holy city in the world, the rulers of the future will tolerate no religious animus. There will be freedom and fairness for all. General Allenby has already confirmed the Moslems in their ancient office as doorkeepers of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an office which they have held, except when the Latin Kingdom of the Crusaders held sway at Jerusalem, ever since the time of the chivalrous Omar. The Turks have always behaved as maliciously and tyrannically towards the Arab chiefs

of Palestine as they have towards the Jews of the cities. The days when Great Britain could commit such a blunder as to intervene on behalf of the Turks are ended forever. Every Englishman now looks back with amazement on the management of foreign affairs which used the quarrels between Greek and Latin monks at Jerusalem about the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre as a pretext for going to war with Russia in 1854 on behalf of the Turks. If the effect of the capture of Jerusalem upon the Turks will be great, it would be a mistake to disregard the influence it may have on Russia. The Russians are a people readily and deeply moved by the forms of religion, and the taking of Jerusalem is a religious event that may appeal to them much in the spirit in which the ambition to possess Jerusalem appealed to our own Crusaders. Moreover, Russia contains more Jews than live in any other country in the world, and the aspirations of these people will turn gratefully Jerusalem, even though should not commit themselves to the adventure of a Zionistic material restoration.

One has only to glance back very briefly on the history of Jerusalem to see how truly strong must be the attractions the city exerts on Jew. Christian, and Moslem. Even before the children of Israel captured Jerusalem, while it was still occupied by the shadowy Jebusites, the Israelites thought of it longingly as a city that must be theirs. The plateau on which it stands was a kind of peninsula between the Northern and Southern tribes of Israel, and made unity between North and South difficult long before the tribes actually split into two kingdoms. When David conquered Jerusalem it was only the goal of longcherished plans and, as it were, the foreordained site of Solomon's majestic temple. When the Jews looked down from their high plateau upon the strip of plain on the shores of the Mediter-

ranean, they might well have feared attack from the elever and scientific traders who lived down there and were in contact with the whole world by means of their trading vessels. And yet it was not from the coast, not from the west, that Jerusalem was really threatened, but from the east, from the mighty Empire of Assyria that seemed to be safely divided from Judæa by the inhospitable desert. The effort of Sennacherib against Jerusalem mysteriously died away, as every English child remembers from the glowing verse of Byron, but when disaster came it came from the east. Nebuchadnezzar carried the whole people away into captivity, so that they were compelled to sing the songs of Zion by the waters of Babylon. But the spirit of the Jews never failed, and when they were allowed by Cyrus to return under Ezra and Nehemiah to rebuild the fallen walls of Solomon's temple, they did their building with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the By 316 B.c. the temple was other. rebuilt, but the faith of Ezra and Nehemiah withered, and Jerusalem passed under the rule of the Macedonians and the Ptolemies before it came into the power of that strange monarch Antiochus Epiphanes, who tried to graft a strictly Greek culture upon the very unwilling Semitic stem. excesses of Antiochus Epiphanes proved that if faith had died among the Jews, it was at all events capable of revival, and every reader of history knows how that revival was victoriously expressed by the wonderful exploits of the fighting family of the Maccabees. The Spectator.

Gradually we come to the time of Herod the Great, who ruled Jerusalem in commission for Rome. immediately followed is Christian his-Although Jerusalem was the birthplace of Christianity, it was not of course as a Christian city, but as a city subversive of Roman authority in other ways-through the exploits of the Jewish extremists-that it was punished and destroyed by Titus in A.D. 70. Hadrian rebuilt it, and five hundred years later it was taken for Islam by Omar. In 1099 the Crusaders entered the city, and they held it till the conquest of Saladin in 1187. From the time the Turks took it in 1517 nothing whatever was done for the city in the way of progress or reform. The population and the soil alike became impoverished, and it seemed that Jerusalem was perishing of inanition, when a partial measure of prosperity was restored to it by the construction of the railways. No one can doubt that even if it be true that the agricultural wealth of Palestine has disappeared through gradual natural causes, the prosperity of the land can be restored by science. For all that it means the capture of Jerusalem is great and splendid news. It comes at an opportune moment. Sherman when he captured Savannah in the American Civil War announced the news to President Lincoln in these words: "I send you the city of Savannah as a New Year's gift." In the same spirit General Allenby might well have said to the Allies: "I send you the city of Jerusalem as a Christmas gift."

THE MAN-POWER QUESTION.

By next spring at latest the British, French and Italian armies will have a heavier weight of attack thrown against them than ever before. The

chief reasons why are four: (1) the immense captures of Italian guns; (2) the withdrawal of guns, aeroplanes, and other material from the Russian front; (3) the withdrawal of troops from the Russian front; (4) the possible return of German and Austrian prisoners from Russia. The fourth of these is only a possibility, though a serious one. But even if a separate peace and mutual exchange of prisoners is not arranged between Russia and the Central Powers, even if the mass of German and Austrian prisoners sent to Siberia or the Urals do not return while war lasts, there is likely to be a large amount of irregular leakage, some of which seems to be occurring already.

How are we to meet and offset these new factors, which should restore to the enemy next spring the advantage of the initiative, as indeed it has been restored this autumn? The ready answer is: By the help of America. As regards 1919 the answer holds; but what we have to examine is its validity between now and next mid-. summer. The reinforcements needed primarily are guns, aeroplanes, and One might have thought infantry. that by the fourth year of the war the United States would have become a large and successful manufacturer of artillery. The fact, however, is, we believe, otherwise; it is currently said. and there is no reason to doubt, that the American Expeditionary Force itself will depend for its artillery mainly on guns of British and French manufacture. The American production of war-aeroplanes has hitherto been about on the same level, or lower; till lately, though many American-made machines were in use at European training-schools, none were found good enough to fly on the fighting fronts. A great deal of newspaper prominence was given last summer to a project for building and equipping an enormous American air fleet. It is a capital idea, and we hope to see it realized; but having regard to the recent past it would be very unwise for the Allies to calculate on its being realized within anything like the time

suggested by its advocates. Aeroplane engines are an article for whose production the system prevalent at American engineering works is not well suited. New methods will be necessary; special workmen must be selected, collected, and organized to carry them out; and in America, as elsewhere, such developments take time.

The case in regard to infantry is not so very different. With the British, French, and Italian populations squeezed and combed as they have been for soldiers, it might seem wise to rely for fresh recruits on the huge unspent man-power of the United States. In the long run something like this must be the Allied policy, but it cannot be so immediately, for reasons which are worth stating, because they are not everywhere understood. If United States soldiers were available for drafts to British or other Allied battalions, they could be utilized already, and henceforward. in direct substitution for our own men. But, of course, they are not thus available, any more than British recruits were available to supply drafts for the French. Naturally and inevitably they have to be organized, as our men had, into new armies of their own. Now, whereas three months may suffice to train a man to go out in a draft to an existing organized battalion in an existing organized army, the creation, organization and officering of a new army from the bottom upwards is a vastly longer affair. Lord Kitchener performed miracles in this way: yet the first battle in which the men, officers, and Staffs of Kitchener's Army came with all-round credit out of the ordeal of an offensive was the Battle of the Somme-i.e., nearly two years after the outbreak of war. The Americans have the advantage over us that they have been able to keep the membership of their pre-war Army to instruct and stiffen the new-

comers, instead of spending it, as we had to spend so much of ours at Mons, the Marne, the Aisne and the first battle of Ypres. But their pre-war resources in trained officers and N.C.O.'s were far smaller than the British; they cannot have had more than a fifth as many, and may have had more like a tenth; and for this and other reasons their advent in force is and will be slower than ours. The German view that they can be left out of military account in 1918 will, we hope, be falsified; but it is probably not far wrong as regards the first seven months of the year.

It is in these seven months that the pinch may come; and steps must be taken now to meet it by a further call on British, French and Italian man-power for war purposes. It is to be hoped that the necessity will not once more give rise to an "All into the Army" cry, for nothing could be more suicidal. We want more guns, more aeroplanes, more infantry-all three; but of the three, the need for the first two is by far the more peremptory. This war becomes every day more a war of material; and constant experience shows that while methods of economizing infantry can be carried to ever new lengths under stress of necessity, nothing can possibly make amends for a deficiency in guns and aeroplanes. There is, moreover, a fourth need even more paramount than those mentioned—the need for It concerns not only the tonnage. men building and manning ships, but the men raising wheat, mining ironstone, or smelting steel; and its claims are the very first that any wise distribution of our man-power must aim at satisfying.

In a situation so strained, what source of relief can be found? Sir Auckland Geddes has indicated one which we believe may prove considerable, if it is properly approached.

With all the shortages of labor and materials, the shops are still doing a roaring trade in things which no stretch of imagination can class as One has only to east necessaries. one's eye over the full-page advertisements in the popular newspapers to see what a tremendous machinery remains at work to induce people to buy what they do not want. "Ladies' clothing." observed Sir Auckland Geddes at Plymouth, by way of illustration, "is the grave of an enormous amount of human energy. New hats alone absorb the work of millions of fingers, and whatever effect they may have, that effect certainly does not include helping to beat the enemy." He added, quite justly, that what the newspapers said in their leading articles on behalf of economy was far outweighed by the opposite gospel in their advertisement columns.

It is significant that the daily Press le't his remarks on these topics practically unreported. Fear of offending their best advertisers shut their mouths. and will continue to shut them. Auckland Geddes can no more expect Press support in such a campaign than he could in a campaign to institute proper control over the sale of patent medicines. He is on the right line, all the same, and not the less so because most of the employees in the luxury trades are women, or men above military age There is still immense scope for substitution. Women may not fight, but short of that the range of occupations open to them in the Army, the Navy, and almost every kind of war-industry is well-nigh illimitable. Men too old to stand campaigning abroad might yet, in hundreds of thousands cases. make efficient soldiers for home defense, and release for foreign service a corresponding number of trained men of military age

now serving under Lord French. At this stage our huge anti-invasion army is by far the best and most fruitful field for "combing." The task before Sir Auckland Geddes, though difficult, is therefore not insuperable. But he must serew up the Cabinet's courage The New Statesman. to the point of doing without news-, paper assistance. The popular Press literally cannot afford to help; and the chances are that it will once more rend the air with a Babel of foolish cries for quack measures that can only do mischief.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Now is the time of the splendor of Youth and Death,

The spirit of man grows greater than he knew:

The unbearable burden is borne, the impossible done,

Tho' harder is yet to do.

Before this anguish end, and that be won

We seek thro' blinding battle, in choking breath,—

The New World, seen in vision! Land of lands,

Felt in the rifts of storm and desolate night.

In the hour of the breaking of hearts, beyond our sight.

You build our courage, you hold up our hands.

Men of America, you that march today

Thro' roaring London, supple and lean of limb,

Glimpsed in the crowd I saw you, and in your eye

Something alert and grim-

As knowing on what stern call you march away

To the wrestle of nations—saw your heads held high,

And, that same moment, far in a flittering beam

High over old and storied Westminster The Stars and Stripes with England's

colors clear

Sisterly twined and proud on the air astream.

Men of America, what do you see? Is it old

Towers of fame, and grandeur timeresigned?

A frost of custom? backward-gazing thought?

Seek closer, and you shall find

Miracles hour by hour in silence wrought;

Births and awakenings; dyings never tolled:

Invisible crumble and fall of prisonbars.

O wheresoever his home, new or decayed.

Man is older than all the things he has made,

And yet the youngest spirit beneath the stars.

I see again the fabulous city arise,

Rock-cradled, white and soaring out of the sea.

Manhattan! Queen of thronged and restless bays

And of daring ships is she.

O, lands beyond, that into the sunset gaze.

Limitless, teeming continent of surmise!

I drink again that diamond air, I

To the lure of a wonder more than the wondrous past.

And see before me ages yet more

Rising and challenging heart and mind and will.

- What sailed they out to seek, who of old came
- To that bare earth and wild, unhistoried coast?
- Not gold nor granaries, nay, nor a haleyon ease
- For the weary and tempest-tost;
- The unshaken soul they sought, possessed in peace.
- What seek we now, and hazard all on the aim?
- In the heart of man is the undiscovered earth
- Whose hope's our compass; sweet with glorious passion
- Of men's good will; a world to forge and fashion
- Worthy the things we have seen and brought to birth.
- Taps of the Drum! Again you have heard them beat:
- And the answer comes, a continent arms!

 Dread.
- Pity, and Grief, there is no escape; the
- Is the call of the risen Dead.
- Terrible year of the nation's trampling feet!
 - The London Chronicle.

- An angel had blown his trumpet over all
- From the ends of the earth, from East to uttermost West.
- Because of the soul of man that shall not fail.
- That will not make refusal or turn and quail.
- No, nor for all calamity stay its quest.
- And here, here too, is the New World, born of pain
- In destiny-spelling hours. The old world breaks
- Its mould, and life runs fierce and fluid, a stream
- That floods, dissolves, re-makes.
- Each pregnant moment, charged to its extreme.
- Quickens unending future; and all's
- But the onward mind that dares the oncoming years
- And takes their storm, a master. Life shall then
- Transfigure Time with yet more marvelous men.
- Hail to the sunrise! Hail to the Pioneers!

Laurence Binyon.

WARTIME FINANCE.

(The colossal expenditures of the war, and the pressing problems which confront the different Governments and the financiers and business interests of the different countries are of so profound national concern that The Living Age proposes to print for the present, from week to week, a department especially devoted to their consideration.—Editor of The Living Age.)

THE REAL TRADE AND LABOR FUTURE.

Trade Unionism can make or mar our industrial future. Our success in the coming trade race—the business, employment, and wages we secure—will depend upon the price at which we can sell our goods, and that, in turn, will depend mainly upon the efficiency and willingness of our work-people. With large-scale and economical production we can obtain ample

trade and consequent prosperity. With restrictions, strikes, and high productive costs we may be ruined. Labor has its destiny in its own hands. If our trade unionists will take a broad and intelligent view of affairs, and adopt a new and enlightened policy, we shall have more trade, fuller employment, higher wages, shorter hours, and generally better conditions after the war than ever we had before. There will be an unprecedented demand

for such goods as we specialize in, and with our Allies and Colonies ready to give us trading preferences and boycott the Germans, we shall have golden opportunities. But we must have a new labor policy if we are to make the most of our opportunities.

In the last ten years before the war one hundred million individual working days were lost by strikes in this country. On top of that we had limitation of apprentices, restrictions on output, and deliberate "slowtiming" of machinery-a loss of trade and wages that cannot be put down in figures. That employers were partly to blame I am, of course, fully aware. But that by the way. Our own industries were handicapped. The Germans and others were overhauling and out-distancing us in first one market and then another. Hundreds of millions of our capital went abroad for investment. Hundreds of thousands of our people had to emigrate or starve. Our shops were filled with products from abroad which should have been made Much of that mischief at home. was due to lack of understanding, sympathy, and co-operation between labor and capital. After the face of new taxation and competition, labor and capital must work together or be ruined together.

The need for a new policy may be demonstrated by a few figures. In the last thirty years before the war Germany not only increased her agricultural workers by nearly 2,000,000, whilst ours declined by about a quarter of a million, but she increased her textile workers by 200,000 against our increase of 55,000; her metal workers by more than 1,500,000, against our 500,000; her miners by 1,000,000, against our 500,000; her building workers by 1,000,000, against our 500,000, and so on in practically every branch of industry. Germany increased her

production of iron—the chief material of the steel and engineering tradesfor instance, from 3,000,000 tons a year to nearly 20,000,000, whilst we increased ours only from 8,000,000 tons a year to 9,000,000 tons. Relatively to the world's demand and comparatively to our rivals' progress, we lost ground. In only fifteen years before the war Germany increased her exports of iron and steel products from less than 1,000,000 tons a year to more than 6,000,000 tons, against our increase from 3,500,000 tons to 5,000,000 tons.

After the war we must have efficiency, organization, and protection. must have the fullest and cheapest possible production. We must have capital and labor actively and heartily co-operating for the common good. There is no other way to real progress and prosperity. The labor problem must be solved, or, at all events, practically tackled, and the causes and consequences of industrial discontent mitigated. But how?

What is to be done? Are we to have State arbitration between labor and capital? Are we to have copartnership? Or are we to have voluntary conciliation? Arbitration seems foredoomed to failure. We have had more discontent and bigger strikes since the Government specially busied itself in labor disputes than ever we had before. Until some ten or fifteen years before the war strikes were decreasing, in spite of the growth of the company system, or impersonal capitalism, on the one hand, and trade unionism on the other. Voluntary conciliation boards were formed, there was businesslike negotiation between employers' associations and trade unions, and mutual respect was growing. Men invariably observed the agreements signed by their leaders. It seemed that strikes would diminish to something like vanishing

point. But the State began to step in more frequently between labor and capital, trade unions became political agencies, and strikes increased.

It may seem quite right, on the face of it, for the State to arbitrate or interfere in labor disputes, because the community suffers by strikes. In very rare cases it may, in fact, be right. But in actual practice, and as an almost invariable rule, State intervention is wrong. It defeats its own object. It makes for more strife and not peace. The fact that strikes, measured by days lost, have increased nearly tenfold since we have had so much Government interference is more than a coincidence-it is a case of cause and effect. If the State would keep out of industrial disputes the negotiators would be left with full responsibility. There would be serious efforts on both sides to make fair agreements. There would be little disposition to advance extravagant demands, or to withhold reasonable concessions, and still less inclination to push disputes to extremes. But in the knowledge that if a rupture, deadlock, or strike occurs the State can be relied upon to step in and arbitrate, and to afford a more or less dignified escape from an untenable position, there is naturally a stronger disposition on one side or the other, or both, to stand out for unreasonable terms. The dispute drags on. Feeling runs high. Passion is aroused, and big and bitter strikes follow. The extremists on both sides gamble on State intervention giving them more than they can secure by negotiation. The extremists are encouraged, while those who should be responsible and respected parties lose control. If a strike movement succeeds, the creators of it take full If it fails, they blame the Government. Besides, agreements made voluntarily between two parties are usually observed in spirit as well

as in letter. Those made on the arbitration of a third party are not so well kept. There is a disposition to resent such awards, and to get round them.

Nor does co-partnership offer any promising remedy for industrial discontent. A recent Board of Trade Report showed that out of nearly 300 copartnery or profit-sharing schemes known to have been started in this country more than half had failed. It is probable that most of the remainder have failed by now, or are on the way to failure. When it is observed that most of these schemes have been tried in small or special industries, such as soap and cocoa and gas making, which are not typical of the big industries most affected by strikes, it will be seen that co-partnership is a very doubtful remedy for labor troubles. The fact is that no fair and square co-partnery scheme can be devised to fit our big modern industries. The investor puts his money in a dozen or a score of separate concerns, some making profits and others losses at one time, and then the others making profits and some losses at another time. Personal employers have in many cases ceased to exist. We are living in an era of impersonal capitalism. The investor or capitalist can balance losses against profits. He can wait years for a dividend in the case of one company because he is drawing a good dividend from another one. But the workman is in a totally different position. He can only draw wages from one firm at a time.

If labor is to share in the profits it must somehow share in the losses that are inseparable from enterprise. The standard or minimum wage would have to be put comparatively low. We should have some men receiving only this low wage because their firms were making no profits, whilst at the same time other men in the same trade.

doing the same class of work, were being paid substantial dividends or bonuses in addition to their standard wages, because their firms happened to be making good profits. These differences in profits are frequently in no way due to labor, but are the results of contracts, market conditions, management, or equipment. All labor needs or need trouble about, so far as finance is concerned, is a fair wage. At any rate, it would not do for men to be having abnormal earnings, wages, and dividends together, just because they happened to be working for an exceptionally fortunate firm, whilst their fellow-craftsmen, working for an unfortunate firm, were getting nothing but a low minimum wage. It would not do for men to be having starvation wages for a few years whilst a firm was passing through a bad time, in consideration of the prospect of abnormal earnings at some future time when the firm might be more prosperous.

The best way to solve the labor problem is by voluntary conciliation and co-operation on lines recommended recently by the Sub-Committee of Reconstruction Committeethrough a network of joint workshop committees, district and national industrial councils, such as I have advocated for many years. Labor must look upon capital as an ally to be supported, and not an enemy to be fought. And capital must come off its pedestal, mix and fraternize with labor, explain and justify itself, display an ever-readiness to remedy real grievances and clear up imaginary ones, and be prepared on all occasions to counter and contradict the falsehoods and fallacies spread among the workers by mistaken agitators and fanatics. The Outlook. E. T. Good.

"TO THE LAST FARTHING."

We believe our financial leaders seriously underestimate both the eco-

nomic strength of the country and the willingness of its citizens to bear all financial burdens that may be asked from them, as long as these burdens are fairly apportioned, to secure the victory that they are determined to win.

We have taken as the heading of this article some words extracted from a speech made by Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall in 1915, when he said that in order to secure victory we should fight to the "last farthing of our money, to the last ounce of our strength, to the last drop of our blood." soldiers and sailors-the flower of the nation's manhood who are fighting for us in this great crisis-are literally carrying out the last two items of Mr. Asquith's promise. What are we doing at home? Wasting our money on all kinds of foolish extravagances and not nearly providing out of genuine saving the money required for the purposes of the war. The enormous waste, both of public and private money, that is still going on shows how great is the economic margin of strength that we still have available to put into the firing line. If Mr. Asquith's phrase is not to be a mere rhetorical flourish, all of us left at home ought by this time to have cut down our private expenditure to the bone, setting free all the labor and energy of the nation for the purposes of the war. The fiscal policy based on this fine phrase, "to the last farthing of our money," would not have been hesitating about imposing fresh taxation because of its possible bad effect upon the flow of money into War Loans. It would long ago have cured the income-tax of its inequities by assessing upon the number of the members of the family, so that its undue burden on those who have children to educate would have been abolished. This principle once established, a much higher income-tax could have been borne easily: and it

could fairly have been put before the nation that no single person, at a crisis like this, would wish to spend on himself more than £1,000 a year; and that, if the country's needs required it, the whole surplus above this sum-allowances being made for long contracts, such as rent-should be paid over to the State, half of it in the form of income-tax and half in the form of forced loans, with a nominal rate of interest or none at all. If the big incomes had been dealt with in such a style as this, the working-classes would have been ready enough to have seen income-tax deducted weekly from their wages by their employers. An immense amount of labor, now employed in making and transporting things that we ought not to be consuming, would have been set free, the cost of the war would have been greatly reduced, and the after-war debt problem would have been simplified out of all recognition. At the beginning of the war, when all classes were awed by the fight for national existence which stood before us, and The Economist.

before the spirit of the public had been spoiled and soured by war profits, war wages, and inflation, and the misunderstandings that arise out of it, such a fiscal policy as this might have been readily accepted by the country. Even now the growth of the debt on the one side and the continued rise in prices on the other is making many people see that our present system of war finance is wrong, and that the only policy which will preserve our staying power for war and ensure our recovery when the war is over, is one which by some such drastic rationing of buying power will compel that reduction in individual consumption which is wasting our resources at present. But it is idle to expect the nation to submit to any such sacrifice at a time when it sees any money that it hands over to the Government being wasted by the Government with both hands. If departmental and private extravagance could both be checked or stopped, the power of the nation to continue the war to a successful finish would be immeasurably strengthened.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. Edgar Whitaker Work's volume on "The Bible in English Literature" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) carries the study of the subject from the beginnings of English history and literature to the present day-from Caedmon and Cynewulf to the modern novelist, poet and newspaper writer. author has the happy gift of achieving thoroughness and comprehensiveness without carrying his researches so far as to become wearisome to the lay reader. He traces the influence of the English Bible upon thought and character, upon life and expression from the earliest days to the present; and shows how deeply it has affected

kings and statesmen, dramatists and poets, and how it has been an inspiration to the lives of the common people. A compact and illuminating study, it will help the reader to a more adequate realization of the Bible as a living force.

"Gaston Olaf" by Henry Oyen is a clean, sweet smelling tale of the lumber camps of the Northwest, full of life and action but wholesome all through. A keen but worse than unscrupulous lumber king tries to steal a particularly desirable tract of timber belonging to an orphan girl. The girl, Rose Havens, is typical of the North-

west, gentle and fair, but strong and a fighter. Gaston Olaf as one of her champions undertakes to outmanœuvre, outwit, and outfight the evil doer and those under him. It will be seen readily that Gaston had much to suffer, many adventures, and many narrow escapes, but from his sensational arrival on skis upon the head of the bad man of the little town until the end of the story, Gaston Olaf François Thorson never ceases to justify the combination of French and Norse blood to which his name testifies. The plot of the story is not new but the denouement is both unusual and interestingly logical. Geo. H. Doran Co.

"The Clammer and the Submarine" is the elusive title that William John Hopkins has given his latest book. It does not mean all that one might suppose, and yet it means more. Could anything be farther apart than a clam bed, the symbol of inertia, and a submarine, the most active of all our war scourges? And yet this war has so invaded the uttermost parts of the earth that a clam bed may become a submarine base. Is it possible to conceive of a life less likely to be influenced by the spirit of strife than that of Adam, the clammer, and his gentle wife, Eve? Yet they too are drawn into the struggle, and Adam feels the pull to serve his country so strongly that, in spite of being forty-three and having a wife and children, he seeks a way to help and finds it. Along with Adam's efforts to come to a decision there is woven a pretty story of some young folks to whom neither decision nor choice belongs. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Island of Appledore," by Adair Aldon has for its hero a young boy and might therefore be classified as a juvenile, but its power to thrill and

inspire will surely make it appeal to a public that knows no age limit. The island of Appledore lies off the coast of Maine, and the story opens in the summer of 1916 when the fleet is engaged in war manœuvres in neighboring waters. Billy Wentworth, the boy, has little enough interest in the sea or the United States Navy, when he first comes to the island, but the beauty and fascination of the ocean, his admiration for Captain Saulsby, a retired seaman, the exciting adventures in which he takes part, and the discovery of German plots to get possession of the island as an advantageous position for a signal station, all these so work upon him unaware that in April, 1917, at the beginning of his school vacation, he takes a train from Chicago to the Maine coast, arriving just as war is declared. It takes but a few hours for him to make up his mind that there is no other possible course open to him than to join the Navy. and his race to the Recruiting Station in the teeth of a tremendous storm is a fitting climax for an unusually fine story. The Macmillan Co.

Delivered at different times and occasions during the past three years, the addresses which are grouped by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University in the volume "A entitled World in Ferment" (Charles Scribner's Sons) are linked together by the purpose defined in the sub-title: "Interpretations of the War for a New World." The first address in the volume was given at Columbia September 23, 1914, the last, which gives its title to the book, was delivered at the Commencement of Columbia University, June 6, 1917. A great deal had happened between these dates-chief of all, from the American point of view, the entrance of the United States into the war; and, with these great events, the

message of the speaker changed. But the spirit in which he spoke did not change; and there is a consistency in all his utterances, for in them all is the confident expectation of a new world—a world which has for its ideal not peace only or chiefly, but "human liberty, justice and the honorable conduct of an orderly and humane society." The addresses in which President Butler urges a preparation for this new world are thoughtful and thought-compelling.

A thrilling aspect of war which hitherto has found only incidental treatment is presented graphically in George Barton's volume on "The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents." There are nineteen chapters, each an independent narrative of some daring exploit. Belle Boyd, the Confederate girl who saved Stonewall Jackson; Major Andre; Lydia Darrah, the Quakeress who saved Washington's army from destruction; Captain Nathan Hale; Major Le Caron and the Fenian Invasion of Canada; and Carl Lody and spies of the present war are among the subjects whose plots and achievements are of greatest interest to American readers, but the history of Great Britain, France, Austria, Germany and Russia, from the days of Napoleon to the present, furnish Mr. Barton with material for other stirring narratives. There are sixteen full-page illustrations, most of them portraits of the characters whose adventures are described. The Page Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish two practical and convenient little handbooks intended for the "kits" of American soldiers and sailors. One is a brief compendium of "Army and Navy Information," compiled by Major De Witt Clinton Falls, of the New York National Guard. It is

illustrated by six color plates and thirty line cuts by the author. It contains detailed information concerning the uniforms, organization, arms, equipment and pay of the officers and men of the American army and navy; and similar information, though with less detail, regarding the armies and navies of the different It is almost belligerent powers. encyclopædic in the range of its information, yet of so convenient size as to be easily carried in the The other volume is the pocket. "American Soldiers' and Sailors' Diary, 1918," arranged and compiled by Mary Parker Converse, a light and slender book, in flexible covers, each page of which contains space for three days' entries and carries some cheering and inspiring sentiment at the top, selected from a wide range of sources. should find a place in the "kits" of thousands of men in the military and naval services.

David Jayne Hill, formerly American Minister to Switzerland and to the Netherlands, and afterward American Ambassador to Berlin, and author of an extended and comprehensive history of diplomacy in the international history of Europe, in three volumes, compresses into a single volume of moderate size a survey of old Europe and the promise of the new, under the title "The Rebuilding of Europe" (The Century Co.). He regards the present world-war as not so much a struggle between different forms of government as a question regarding the purpose and spirit of all governments; and he defines the aim of the resisting Allied powers as the making of a new world; for, he reasons, "there can be no new world until there is a new Europe in which the dogma that the State is a licensed brigand is smitten dead." His book deals with the fundamental issues of the war, and forecasts the possible solution of them, in a way which will be especially helpful to readers who have yet only a confused idea of what it is all about, and how great is the interest of the United States in all that is involved.

Eugénie M. Fryer's "The Hill-Towns of France" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is neither a war book, a guide book, nor a history; but a series of sketches, knit together by a common purpose, describing representatives of the different types of hill towns, whose growth or decay has had much to do with the making of French history and the ideals of the French people. The author finds four different types: the large town, protected by the turrets and towers of its walls and citadels; the feudal castle, the residence of some great lord, about whose walls a straggling town has grown up; the fortified town, communal in character, which, governed by no over-lord, and possessed of no castle, protects itself from invasion not only by outer walls, but by fortifying its houses and churches; and the monastic hill-town, whose defenses were built primarily to protect its shrine. She describes towns of these different types in Poitou, in Normandy, in Brittany, in Quercy, in Languedoc, in Provence, in Savoie, in Auvergne, in Picardie, in La Beauce, and in Touraine; and their salient features are brought vividly before the reader by fifty pen-andink drawings by Roy L. Hilton, and twenty-seven full-page illustrations It is rather a from photographs. relief to turn one's thoughts from the stricken and ravaged France of today to the France of yesterday, into whose making there went so much of heroism and sacrifice, the fruits of which will yet make glorious the France of tomorrow.

"A Sorry Tale," by "Patience Worth" (Henry Holt & Co.), a ram-

bling tale of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Rome that revolves about the personalities of Christ and an illegitimate son of the emperor Tiberius, is certainly the magnum opus, if not the masterpiece, of the ouija board school of fiction. It bears indubitable marks of its origin. Its vocabulary is limited; the various parts of speech are interchanged almost indiscriminately; the style is tense and cramped, yet markedly individual; and the movement of the story betrays a lack of co-ordination and directed activity on the part of the "personality" which is guiding it. Yet, on the other hand, one feels that it is a consistent and, broadly speaking, well-planned work; and although the characters on the whole display very little purposive activity and often seem the victims of some inexplicable spell which determines their actions they are capable of deep feeling and have somehow accumulated a great store of wisdom, spiritual as well as worldly. At least three fourths of the 600 pages consist of conversation. It is for the most part oratorical, declamatory and ejaculatory, and the speakers have an irritating habit of referring to themselves by name, as children do, instead of using the first person singular; yet occasional passages rise to a rare poetic beauty of thought and expression. The humorous chapters which describe the outwitting of shrewd merchants such as Abraham and Jacob attain a high standard of technical excellence. The various sayings of Christ are little more than expansions of his known words, and the descriptions of the great scenes, such as the crucifixion, fall far short of the gospels. pictures of life in the streets of Jerusalem and the banquet halls of Rome are rich, vivid, and full of the peculiar flavor of reality. It is a hard book to read without skipping but is well worth dipping into.